clergymen of the Lutheran church; and these prejudiced men have done their best to bring down a hot persecution upon their simple-minded, but earnest, Protestant brethren. It was in consequence of the representations of a Lutheran clergyman that Brandtman, the Baptist cooper of Grobin, was arrested in September, 1860, on the charge of disseminating Baptist sentiments, imprisoned for five months at Windau, and afterwards banished the country. It is but natural, therefore, that there should be a large measure of ignorance and misconception on the part of the Russian authorities,—and we can hardly affect to be surprised that the police have had orders to exercise a strict *surveillance* over the new and suspicious-looking sect. But the result has been distressingly painful to our dear brethren, who are all very poor, and incapable of bearing the sufferings they are subjected to through their frequent imprisonments, as their families are in all cases dependent upon their labour for the means of subsistence. Their personal sufferings have often been very severe, for they have been laden with chains, driven like cattle before the police for many miles, and immured in dungeons for weeks and months together. The places where these persecutions have taken place are chiefly on the shores of the Baltic, and it is often pious sailors who become the propagators of the faith. Thus the ship carpenter, Juraschka, of Libau, was apprehended in December 1860, for being present at a religious assembly at Hasau; and the ship's mate, Jacobsen, also of Libau, was in like manner seized at Windau, and thrown into prison. About a dozen such cases, in which women as well as men were the victims, have been selected and laid before the Russian government, and, as will be seen, not without happy effects. The chief interest of our readers will probably concentrate itself on the two brethren, Gärtner and Alf, who have been conspicuous for the zeal and persistency with which they have preached the Gospel and endured suffering for the truth. Gärtner is by trade a tailor, belonging to Labracken, but he has been also a very successful preacher in many places. In the autumn of 1861, he was apprehended on that charge at Hasenpoth, and imprisoned for a whole year. No sooner was he at liberty than he began again to preach, and last July he was arrested on the same charge at Grobin, and sentenced to imprisonment for six months. Our brother Alf is a missionary in Poland, where his labours have been signally blessed by God; and he has suffered imprisonment with aggravated inflictions, such as binding him with chains so tight that the blood burst from his veins; but he has endured all with the constancy of a true martyr. His last imprisonment has but just terminated in the prison of Pultusck. Steps have been taken by the Baptist Union and the Evangelical Alliance to bring these cases of persecution for conscience' sake before the attention of his Majesty the Emperor of Russia; but the astute ministers of that monarch have already anticipated such interference, and, it may be hoped, rendered it unnecessary for the future, by the publication of a ukase decreeing that Gärtner should be set at liberty on the payment of one rouble as a penalty, not for preaching the Gospel, or disseminating Baptist sentiments, but for crossing the frontier without a passport. Whether this ukase will secure all the liberty which our brethren require, yet remains to be seen; but it is a hopeful sign that the Baptist doctrines are therein spoken of as "doctrines not yet prohibited," and "doctrines which might subsequently be permitted." Let our readers watch very carefully the procedures of the Russian government in this matter, and give their hearty sympathy in all ways to our suffering but faithful brethren.

IMPRISONMENT OF A MISSIONARY IN POLAND.—Mr. Alf, pastor of the Baptist church at Adamow, in Poland, has, as stated above, recently been imprisoned for three months on the coarsest prison diet and wearing the dress of a common criminal. The following letter gives an account of his arrest. It is addressed to Mr. Braun, Secretary of the Mission at Hamburg:—

"You will wonder that no news has reached you lately from Brother Alf. I will tell you the reason, but I must preface it with Jeremiah's lamentation, 'Mine eye trickleth down and ceaseth not!' On the 1st of September he went to Kiczin, and just after he left home, a summons came for him to appear before the civil authorities. I therefore followed him to Kiczin, accompanied by my wife. There we found a crowded meeting, so many people had come together that the room could not hold them. At sunrise on Sunday morning twenty-five persons were buried with Christ in baptism, and on Tuesday we drove from Kiczin to Karlinoff, and held a large meeting there. Thence we proceeded to Pultusck, where Brother Alf immediately went up to the Court of Justice. I went on with my wife into the town, and as I came back we were told that he was sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and already incarcerated. I directly ran to the prison and found that it was true, but I was refused permission to see him. Oh, how distressed we were! The

next week I went again to Pultusck and begged to be admitted; the director, a kind-hearted man, then sent for Brother Alf, and when he came we kissed one another and wept, for he wore the grey frock and cap, and his trousers and *shirt* were of the coarsest sackcloth! His food, too, was daily a pound and a half of black bread, and boiled water without salt or meal. Alas! dear brother, pray for Poland, and for our imprisoned brother."

Mr. Alf was about to remove to Russia, for his life was in jeopardy at Adamow, both from the persecutors and from the insurgents; but as his imprisonment would not end till December 9, it would then be impossible on account of the frost, and he will probably be obliged to remain at all risks, till the spring. Intelligence of his release has not yet been received, but we hope he is by this time again free. We can scarcely hope that his health is uninjured by so severe a test.

BERLIN.—The 17th anniversary of the Young Men's Christian Association in connexion with the Baptist church at Berlin, has recently been celebrated. Fifty members and friends took tea together in a room adjoining the chapel; it was beautifully decorated with evergreens and transparencies, with the inscriptions:—"Rejoice, that your names are written in heaven!" "Peace be with you!" and "Welcome!" An address was given by Rev. Joseph Lehmann, from 2 Peter i. 3-11, and other speeches followed. A deputation from a similar society in connexion with the Hamburg church was present.

DOMESTIC.

NORTHERN BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—A conference of the ministers in this Association was held on Tuesday, Nov. 24th, in the lecture-room of Bewick Street chapel, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The Rev. W. Long, as the senior minister in the Association, was elected chairman. Mr. M'Phail read a portion of Scripture; and Mr. Pattison engaged in prayer. At the request of the chairman, Mr. Walters introduced the business of the meeting. Mr. Bontems then read an excellent paper on "Chapel Building." A long and interesting discussion followed; after which it was unanimously resolved, "That an iron chapel be purchased by the Northern Baptist Association, to be erected in the town of Middlesbro'; to remain there as long as necessary; then to be removed to another locality. The cost of the chapel to be £500." Among the other resolutions adopted by the meeting were the following:—"That this meeting deems it desirable that the churches of the Northern Baptist Association be represented on the committee of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society." "That the Association be recommended to hold, in addition to its annual meeting, an autumnal meeting for conference and business." "That there be in future a meeting of the ministers in the Association, in the months of February and September." "That in future the annual collections for the Home Mission be made by all the churches in the Association on the Sunday after Whit-Sunday, being the Sunday following the annual meetings of the Association; and that on that day there be a general exchange of pulpits." Several other matters were discussed during the day, and resolutions adopted with reference to them. A general desire was expressed for closer union and greater co-operation. The meeting, which lasted, with intervals for refreshment, from eleven o'clock in the morning till eight at night, was one of continued interest and the greatest harmony.

COLLEGE STREET, NORTHAMPTON.—The ancient church and congregation here, presided over by the Rev. J. T. Brown, and of which Dr. Ryland was once the pastor, having for a long time required a new place of worship, at length set about its erection, and on Thursday, November 26th, the place was opened with the customary religious services. The morning service was commenced by the pastor, who offered a most appropriate prayer. The lessons were read by the Rev. E. T. Prust, who afterwards offered prayer. The sermon in the morning was preached by the Rev. W. Landels, of London, who took for his text Gal. vi. 6. It was a powerful and beautiful discourse. In the evening, an able and impressive sermon was preached by the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., of London, from Col. i. 12; and a large number not being able to obtain admittance, a second sermon was preached in the large room over the school-room, by the Rev. J. Mursell, of Kettering. Between the services dinner was provided at the Swan Inn, Derngate, and the company, which numbered about 120 persons, consisted chiefly of visitors from the neighbourhood. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. Perry, and speeches were made by Mr. Brown, Mr. Landels, Mr. Mursell, of Kettering, and others. On the following Sunday, the Rev. J. P. Mursell, of Leicester, preached both morning and evening; and on the Monday evening a public meeting was held, the Rev. J. T. Brown in the chair, when addresses were delivered by the Revs. J. Brown, G. Nicholson, T. Arnold, T. T. Gough, J. P. Mursell, J. P. Haddy, and others. In the course of the evening it was stated that the cost of the building was about £7,000, and that the

receipts, including collections at the opening services, amounted to £5,355. The new chapel, which is erected on the same site as the former one, will seat upwards of eleven hundred persons. It is altogether a noble structure.

MELBOURNE, CAMBRIDGESHIRE.—The oversight of the Baptist church in this place has been accepted by the Rev. H. T. Wardley, until the last few weeks a minister of the Countess of Huntingdon's Connexion in Worcester, where for twelve years he has laboured with much wisdom, patience, and success. On Sunday, December 6th, Mr. Wardley preached his farewell sermons at Worcester, and on the Monday evening following the handsome sum of 100 guineas was presented to him from his friends in the city generally, as well as those of his own congregation, as a substantial testimony of the respect which he has won to himself from all as a minister of the Gospel, and of the affection which he has inspired in many who have been more intimately acquainted with him. At the same time an elegant service, work-table, &c., were presented to Mrs. Wardley from the ladies of the congregation. Having embraced the doctrine of believers' baptism, Mr. Wardley is, of course, considerably influenced by conscientious reasons in leaving Worcester to take the charge of the Baptist church in this place, where he has every prospect of a happy and honourable career amongst an earnest and warm-hearted people. Mr. Wardley carries with him the sympathies and good wishes of a sorrowing flock, and we can but wish that he may meet with all the success and happiness his friends anticipate. It is rather singular that the pulpit so lately vacated by Mr. Bailey, in favour of infant christening, liturgy, surplice, &c., should be about to be occupied by a gentleman who has just renounced all these for Mr. Bailey's former convictions. Mr. Wardley commences his labours at Melbourne on the first Sunday of the new year.

UPTON CHAPEL (LATE CHURCH STREET, BLACKFRIARS ROAD), LONDON.—The Rev. G. D. Evans, of Mr. Spurgeon's College, having accepted an invitation to the pastorate of this church, a special tea and public meeting to welcome Mr. Evans was held in the school-rooms and lecture-hall of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, on Tuesday, December 1st. The Rev. R. Robinson, of York Road, Lambeth, presided. Mr. William Pardon, one of the deacons, stated the circumstances which led to the union, and expressed the warm feeling of the church towards its new pastor. The Rev. G. Rogers (Mr. Evans's tutor) bore a most honourable testimony to the Christian character, standing, and ability of Mr. Evans. The Revs. T. White, of Chelsea; S. Cowdy, of Arthur Street, Walworth; P. J. Turquand, of York Street, Walworth; C. G. Gange, of Portsmouth; and J. Burton, of Park Street, delivered suitable congratulatory addresses to the same effect; after which the chairman, in the name of himself and the ministers south of London, gave Mr. Evans a cordial welcome to their midst, by giving him the right hand of Christian fellowship. Mr. Evans then, amidst the congratulations of the audience, addressed the large assembly—spoke of his own experience and prospects, urged the members of his church to manifest a deep-toned piety and uphold his hands by earnest prayer and co-operation, and not to fail in their attendance at the week-evening services. At the close of this address the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who had arrived at the meeting (from another engagement) while Mr. Evans was speaking, addressed the church most admirably and encouragingly. Singing, and the usual benediction, concluded the meeting.

UPTON-ON-SEVERN.—A social tea-meeting was held on Wednesday evening, November 25th, at the Town Hall, Upton-on-Severn, to give a cordial welcome to the Rev. J. R. Parker, as pastor of the church and congregation assembling in the Baptist chapel. More than 500 friends assembled at five o'clock for tea. The meeting which followed was of an interesting character; the large hall being crowded to excess. After a suitable piece had been sung, prayer was offered by the Rev. M. Philpin, of Alcester; after which, the Rev. W. Symonds, of Pershore, chairman, delivered some wise and judicious counsels to his young friend, giving him on behalf of all the ministers present the right-hand of fellowship. Then followed Mr. Thomas Taylor, senior deacon, who warmly responded to the welcome given, and spoke in the highest terms of his pastor's zeal and devotedness to his work. Addresses of hearty welcome were delivered by the Revs. T. Wilkinson, of Tewkesbury; T. Rose, of Pershore; S. Dunn, of Atch Lench; M. Philpin, of Alcester; and by the pastor. Since Mr. Parker's settlement, a new chapel has been erected about two miles from the town, and is nearly paid for. Thirty-one believers have been added to the church, and a large number of candidates are waiting. The congregation has so much increased, that the chapel at Upton is being enlarged considerably, and also the school-room adjoining.

LINCOLN.—On Sunday and Monday, Dec. 13th and 14th, the opening of the new General Baptist chapel, which has just been completed in St. Benedict's Square, was celebrated. The present building is worthy both of the church and the denomination. The interior of the chapel is especially neat and commodious. It will comfortably seat about 350 persons; but on an emergency could accommodate 500 persons. The public services were commenced on Sunday, Dec. 13th, by the Rev. Charles Clark, of Halifax, who preached in the morning and the evening; in the afternoon, the Rev. T. H. Wood, of Smarden, preached. In the morning and afternoon the congregations were good, but in the evening the chapel was crowded to excess. The gates were obliged to be locked, and hundreds went away unable to obtain admittance. On Monday, above 600 persons assembled for tea in the Corn Exchange. The chair was taken by John Ward, Esq., of Boston, who attended as a deputation from the trustees. The speakers were, the Rev. J. Cookson, M.A., pastor of the church; the Revs. J. H. Wood (Smarden), James Lewitt (Nottingham), T. W. Mathews (Boston), and W. Sharman (Coningsby). The meeting was opened with prayer by the Rev. J. Lewitt, and closed with prayer by Mr. John Crapa. The whole of the services were of a most interesting character, and from first to last have been productive of both pleasure and profit. The total receipts amounted to £43 15*s.* 3*d.*

CLARENDON CHAPEL, LEAMINGTON.—The congregation meeting in this new chapel having raised all that had been spent in purchasing the freehold, erecting and fitting up the chapel, and preparing deeds, &c., celebrated their freedom from debt on Thursday, November 5th. At six p.m. the school-rooms were filled by about 200 persons, who took tea together. A larger congregation afterwards assembled in the chapel, where addresses were delivered by Dr. Slack, who presided, the Rev. C. Vince, and other gentlemen. In the course of the evening, the Rev. W. A. Salter, the pastor, gave an account of the progress of the work. Within just twelve months the building had been begun, opened, and paid for. The chapel is in an increasing neighbourhood, and is well attended. It is 80 feet long by 40 wide, within the walls, seats comfortably 400 persons on the ground floor, and contains a gallery for singers and organ, with vestries beneath which can easily be thrown into the chapel. It is vested in trust for the use of a congregation of Evangelical Christians, with the stipulation that it shall never become connected with any other denomination exclusively. A baptistery is provided for those who desire baptism by immersion, and has already been used more than once. Rooms have, also, now been built behind the chapel, and are occupied by flourishing Sunday schools, and by a day school for girls.

STRATFORD GROVE, LONDON.—On November 26th, a meeting of the members of the church and congregation of Stratford Grove chapel, Stratford, was held for the purpose of presenting to the pastor, the Rev. G. W. Fishbourne, a testimonial of esteem and regard. Tea being over, and the doors thrown open to the public, Joseph Freeman, Esq., the senior deacon, rose, and stated the object of the meeting. He also presented a testimonial, which consisted of a handsome silver inkstand and appurtenances, on which was the following inscription:—"Presented to the Rev. G. W. Fishbourne by the church and congregation of Stratford Grove chapel, as a mark of their sincere esteem and regard. 1863." Mr. Fishbourne eloquently expressed his deep sense of the moral value of the testimonial, and the gratification afforded him by such a mark of esteem and regard. Captain Moody, and Messrs. Caleb, Stanger, Scott, Brett, Rookwood, and Beasley, some of the members of the testimonial committee, and Messrs. Ladd, Clodd, and Brooks, expressed their pleasure at the carrying out of an object so honourable to pastor and people, and their best wishes for the welfare of the former and success of his ministerial labours.

HACKLETON, NEAR NORTHAMPTON.—An interesting meeting was held at the Baptist chapel, Hackleton, on Thursday, November 19th, in celebration of the jubilee of the Rev. William Knowles, who has presided over that church for fifty years. In the afternoon, at half-past four, more than two hundred sat down to tea. At six in the evening a public meeting was held, when prayer was offered by Mr. John Nichols, one of the deacons. The Rev. T. Marriott, of Milton, presided, and, after a few remarks, presented a purse of money to Mr. Knowles, as an expression of kindness and esteem from the church and congregation, which he received with deep emotions of gratitude and pleasure; after which he gave a brief history of the church and of his ministry. The meeting was subsequently addressed by Messrs. Clark, Nichols, John Knightley, William Hands; Revs. J. Nicholls, A. Smith, and S. Williams. The meeting will be long remembered by many. Mr. Knowles resigned the pastorate about two years ago,

but still preaches once every Sabbath with Mr. Williams, the present pastor of the church.

NORLAND CHAPEL, NOTTING HILL.—The fourth anniversary of the opening of this chapel was celebrated on November 22nd and 24th. Sermons were preached on the Lord's day by the Revs. William Roberts, B.A., and F. Tucker, B.A., and on the following Tuesday, by the Revs. H. Allon, of Islington, and J. Stent, the pastor of the church. There was a public meeting in the afternoon, at which Henry Wright, Esq., presided, and addresses were delivered by some of the neighbouring ministers. Dinner and tea were provided gratuitously by the congregation, as on four previous occasions; and though the day was very wet, the attendance at all the meetings was large. In the short report presented at the afternoon meeting, it was stated that the church, and all its varied institutions, were healthy and vigorous; that during the past year £200 had been paid off the debt; and that the difficulties incident to an undertaking such as this new chapel had been, were well overcome, so that the prospect of enlarged usefulness in the future was most fair and promising.

CANNON STREET, BIRMINGHAM.—On Monday evening, November 23rd, special services were held in Cannon Street chapel, Birmingham, for the recognition of the new pastor, the Rev. W. L. Giles, late of Abbey Street chapel, Dublin. The services were simply in recognition of Mr. Giles's pastorate by his brother Nonconformist ministers of Birmingham. For the accommodation of the speakers a temporary platform was erected, and this, like the chapel, was crowded. Among the ministers present were the Revs. J. E. Giles, of London (the father of the new pastor), C. Vince, J. J. Brown, R. W. Wilson, S. Chapman, W. L. Giles, &c. The services were commenced with singing and prayer, after which resolutions of welcome were adopted, and addresses were delivered by the several ministers, including Mr. Giles himself, appropriate to the proceedings of the evening. The meeting was brought to a close with singing and the benediction.

BRIDPORT, DORSET.—The Baptist church in this town has been for the last three years reduced to a very low condition, but under the auspices of the Western Association has been reorganised, and the settlement of the Rev. Richard Stevens took place on Wednesday, December 2nd. The Rev. J. Birt, B.A., of Weymouth, delivered the introductory discourse; the Rev. J. Price, of Montacute, asked the questions, and offered the ordination prayer; the Rev. R. James, of Yeovil, gave the charge to the minister. A tea-meeting was afterwards held in the spacious school-rooms of the Independent chapel, which was numerously attended by friends of other denominations in the town. Addresses were delivered in the evening by the Rev. S. Pearce, of Crewkerne, and the Rev. E. Edwards, of Chard. The Rev. E. Merriman, of Dorchester, and the Independent and Wesleyan ministers in the town, also took part in the services.

CIRENCESTER.—The recognition of the Rev. J. J. Brown as pastor of the ancient church meeting in Coxwell Street, Cirencester, took place on Wednesday, December 9th, under circumstances which encourage the hope of revival and progress. The Rev. J. Frize, of Fairford, asked the usual questions and offered prayer; and the Rev. R. P. Macmaster, of Bristol, preached a beautiful and powerful sermon from 1 Tim. iv. 6. A tea-meeting was afterwards held in the Temperance Hall, which was followed by a public meeting in the chapel. The pastor occupied the chair, and speeches were delivered by Mr. Wearing, of Swindon; the Revs. J. Davis, of Arlington, R. P. Macmaster, and the Dissenting ministers of the town:—Revs. J. Stratford (Independent), J. Dredge (Wesleyan), and S. Turner (Primitive Methodist). The attendance was very good, and a feeling of holy joy appeared to characterise all the proceedings.

WELLINGTON, SHROPSHIRE.—The Baptist chapel in the above town having been closed for several weeks for additions and improvements, was re-opened for Divine service on Sunday, November 22nd. Sermons were preached in the morning and evening by the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., president of Rawdon College, and in the afternoon by the Rev. H. Bake, Independent, of Wellington. The additions consist of the erection of excellent school rooms, and a minister's vestry; while very extensive improvements have been made both in the exterior and interior of the chapel, which now presents a modern and tasteful appearance. The sum expended is between £400 and £500, which, with the exception of a present deficiency of about £100, has already been raised by the congregation. The collections on the occasion of the re-opening services were £28.

WINTON, WESTMORELAND.—A very neat and commodious chapel having been raised in Winton, near Kirkby-Stephen, by the exertions of the Rev. William

Fawcett, of Crosby-Garrett, and friends, it was opened on Lord's day, November 29th. Sermons were preached, in the morning by the Rev. W. Fawcett, and in the afternoon and evening by the Rev. Josiah Green, of Hebden Bridge. On Monday afternoon a tea-meeting was held, and after tea a public meeting. Addresses were delivered by the chairman (the Rev. W. Fawcett), the Rev. J. Barnfather, of Ravenstonedale (Independent), and the Rev. J. Green. The attendance at all these services was exceedingly good, and the contributions liberal. The chapel at Winton is in connection with one at Asby, which was opened in August last.

Damerham, Wilts.—The new Baptist chapel in this village was opened for the worship of God and the preaching of the Gospel, on Wednesday, the 4th of November. Two sermons were preached by the Rev. C. Stanford, of Camberwell. The chapel was crowded, and the services were deeply interesting. The new building is substantial and pleasing in appearance, the work having been carried out neatly and in good taste, but at the same time with a careful regard to economy. It will cost about £250, towards which it was announced at the opening that £100 had already been raised; more than half this sum having been collected by the kind interest and exertions of Mr. Stanford. The friends at Damerham will be very thankful for further assistance, of which they are much in need.

Malton.—The Baptist chapel, Malton, was re-opened for divine service on Tuesday, December 8th, after having been closed for some time for alterations. The occasion was also the ordination of the Rev. J. Clough, as pastor, the services being undertaken by the Rev. J. Acworth, LL.D., and the Rev. S. G. Green, B.A., president of Rawdon College. In the evening a soirée was held in the Assembly Rooms, when the Revs. Dr. Acworth, S. G. Green, B.A., Dr. Evans, C. W. Upton (Beverley), and A. Bowden (Driffield), gave addresses. The room throughout was densely crowded; many could not gain admission.

King Street, Oldham.—On the 3rd, 4th, and 5th of December, a bazaar was held in the extensive school-rooms belonging to the King Street Church, Oldham, for the purpose of reducing the debt on the new chapel. The bazaar was opened by John Riley, Esq., mayor of Oldham; and the proceeds amounted to upwards of £220; making, with the previous bazaar, more than £700 towards the liquidation of the debt on the new chapel.

Chilwell College.—At a meeting of the committee of this college, just held in Derby, *nine* promising young men were reported as applicants for admission into this rising Institution. It is expected that there will be several vacancies at the close of the present session; but without an increase of income, the committee will not be able to make much addition to the present number of students.

Ministerial Changes.—The Rev. Dr. Leechman, on account of enfeebled health, has resigned the pastorate of the church at Hammersmith, and has gone to reside at Bath.—The Rev. G. D. Evans, of Mr. Spurgeon's College, has accepted a cordial invitation to become the pastor of Upton Chapel, now in course of erection at Barkham-terace, Lambeth-road, London. The church and congregation meet until its completion at Taylor's Repository, Elephant and Castle.—The Rev. S. Hodges, Charlbury, Oxon, has accepted the unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire.—The Rev. S. Allsop, of Whittlesea, has accepted the earnest call of the first Baptist church at Longford, Warwickshire, and commences his labours there early in the year.—Mr. William Williams, student of Haverfordwest College, has accepted a cordial and unanimous invitation to become the pastor of Abernant Baptist church, Aberdare, and purposes to commence his labours on the first Sunday in February.—Mr. Wm. Jones, student of Haverfordwest College, has received a unanimous invitation to the pastorate of the Baptist church, Hebron, Dowlais, and commenced his ministry at the above place on Sunday, December 13th.—The Rev. James T. Baily has resigned the pastorate of the church, Branch Road, Blackburn, and is open to invitation to supply vacant churches. His address is, Witton, Blackburn.—The Rev. J. B. Lockwood has accepted an invitation to the pastorate of the church at Nantwich, Cheshire.—The Rev. E. Jones, formerly of Broseley, Salop, has, after a twelve months' ministry, accepted the cordial invitation to the pastorate of the church meeting in Bethesda chapel, Trowbridge, Wilts.

GENERAL.

John Bunyan's Bones.—A public meeting of some hundreds of working men was held at the beginning of last month, in the Lambeth Baths, Westminster-road, London, on the rumoured attempt of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to appropriate Bunhill-fields burial ground to building purposes. G. Hill, Esq., of the Lambeth vestry, presided,

and introduced the business of the meeting by calling upon Mr. G. M. Murphy to deliver a lecture upon the subject. The lecturer traced the history of Bunhill-fields, from the time it became a "bone-hill" by the burial there of many who died of the plague in 1665. Soon after that date it became a Nonconformist burial ground; and among the buried there lie John Owen, George Fox, John Bunyan, Daniel De Foe, Isaac Watts, John Wesley's mother, Dr. Lardner, and many martyrs of political and ecclesiastical tyranny. Mr. Murphy then traced the proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, into whose hands this property has fallen, detailing the character of their dealings in the matters with which they have been entrusted, concluding with proposing the following resolution, which was seconded from among the audience, and unanimously carried:—"That this meeting, having learned with surprise that it is in contemplation by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to remove the remains of the honoured dead from Bunhill-fields, and to let the land for building purposes, cannot but express its utmost indignation at such a sacrilegious project, especially as in that renowned place are the mortal remains of the immortal author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" [Surely this proposition of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners cannot be entertained seriously. If it be, we can but hope it will cause an amount of popular indignation before which even Ecclesiastical Commissioners must bow. —ED.]

COMMEMORATION OF CALVIN. — The committee of the Evangelical Alliance at Geneva have announced their intention of offering a prize for the best work, specially adapted for the young, on the life and labours of John Calvin. It is to form a small volume, consisting of from eight to twelve sheets. While narrating the Reformer's entire career, it is intended that particular prominence should be given to the work which that great and devoted servant of Christ accomplished in Geneva, and to the blessings which, under God, he was instrumental in conferring upon that city. The amount of the prize is 500 francs. The immediate publication of the work to which the prize is awarded, if such publication should be deemed necessary by the committee, will be matter of arrangement with the author. Manuscripts are to be sent in, not later than February 15th, to Professor Tissot, secretary of the committee of the Evangelical Alliance, Geneva. We observe that the National Church of Geneva have announced special services for the day on which the tercentenary of the Reformer's death occurs.

Editorial Notes for the Month.

THE BAPTIST REPORTER is happy to present itself, on this First of January, 1864, in its new form and dress. It respectfully, yet affectionately, makes its bow, and wishes its readers, one and all, a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

And now it is the evening of the First of January; the lamps are lighted, the curtains drawn, and the BAPTIST REPORTER—a welcome visitor—occupies the arm-chair in the corner. [This same arm-chair, friend—it is a very nice one—the Editor means to occupy every "first day" in this new year.] But now, what shall we talk about? First and foremost, we will thank God for his great goodness to us during the year that is gone. It *is* gone. We can scarcely believe it gone. How short a time it seems since it came! But its three hundred and sixty-five days have rolled away, and each one has brought the usual mercies, the usual supplies, the usual providential protection and guidance,—all those *usual* things which we think so little of because they *are* usual, but which are all gifts from the hand of the all-loving Father, whose mercies, if we attempted to "count them" for one year only, would be "more in number than the sand." True, the year has brought its trials too. To some of

us those trials have been very heavy. But they are gone. We were supported under them. If we have learnt to know them behind their dark veil, we have found that they were blessings in disguise. So let us sing the old song again, and utter the old words of praise and thanksgiving again, and erect another Ebenezer on this New Year's Day; for "Hitherto the Lord *hath* helped us," and blessed for ever be his holy name.

But now, shall we try to look into the future? Nay, for that were wrong, and useless too. We cannot tell—and it is well that we cannot—what lies before us in this new year. To some will come smiles, to some tears: some will obtain new treasures, some will lose what is most dear to them. We cannot tell—thank God we cannot—what is before us in this new year. But at least we may speak of things as they are now, and learn, if we can, what is the duty that lies nearest to us. The year begins, as men say, darkly enough. There is, alas! distress at home; there is agitation and political uncertainty abroad; and none of us can tell how soon war may break out on the continent of Europe, to keep company with the war that has so long desolated America. Yes, the year begins darkly enough! But it begins *not more* darkly than many years have begun before. There is nothing in the year's beginning to make those despond who believe in the government of the all-wise One. Rather, may we not believe that the "Wonderful in counsel and the Excellent in working" is using what seems darkest to us in working out his own grand and gracious purposes?

There is *one* duty that lies next to all of us this new year. Those poor Lancashire folk are suffering sadly again this winter. Last winter, the Baptists of England did nobly, as indeed all Englishmen did. But the work needs to be done, to some extent, again. The distress, if not so severe as last year, is still grievous in many homes once happy and peaceful. Friends, are there no old clothes, put away in drawers or chests somewhere, that would help to keep Lancashire warm these cold nights? Are there no spare sixpences or sovereigns, that *you* would never miss, and that would go to feed those poor "clemmed" ones? You remember the old words, "Inasmuch as ye did it,"—and so on? You will need no *other* argument, if you love HIM whose words they are.

There is another duty that lies very near to all of us. As Lancashire must not starve, so neither must our Missionary Society suffer. The REPORTER will tell you, if you have not heard it, how anxious the friends of the Society are now. Surely this new year will relieve them from their anxiety! Surely the two thousand Baptist churches of England will not let the Society suffer, nor let missionaries be withdrawn, for the sake of a few thousand pounds!

And so let us begin the year thankfully and hopefully. "Our God, our help in ages past," is still our friend and our helper. His promises will never fail. His lovingkindness and tender mercies will never be exhausted. Let us all resolve, in his strength, to serve him more faithfully, and love him more entirely, and do his work with more consecration and devotedness than ever before; and HE will give us, if not a happy, a BLESSED NEW YEAR!

THE

BAPTIST REPORTER.

FEBRUARY, 1864.

AMERICAN BAPTISTS.

As a rule, figures have very little interest for any but professed statisticians. On this class of persons the world looks with a strange mixture of dislike and awe; in much the same way as it might on beings who, rejecting the food proper to man, should live without water and banquet upon chips. No ordinary mind can perceive the attraction there is in a study, which seems to be as bare as nakedness, and as dry as dust. The prevalent revolt from what, after all, is a necessary pursuit, shews itself in very many ways. Not only are the actuary and algebraist passed by with quiet scorn, but a Magazine article which hints at tables, or bristles with numerals, is skipped by most persons as a matter of course. We are sadly conscious that we run not a little risk of labouring in vain as we honestly confess that statistics have a good deal to do with this paper; unless, indeed—happy thought!—a promise to put them as much as possible into the background, should secure us the indulgence of our readers. After all, however, we are only imitating an inspired example. The sacred historian did not deem it beneath him to mention the names of those who went into the upper room, or the number of the disciples in whose midst Peter stood up; or to tell us how many were in one day added to the church. Need we do more than ask to have such a precedent remembered?

The national interest in America has naturally always been great; but that of English Christians has been peculiar and intense. She is related to us by spiritual affinities as well as by blood; and these have wrought out a brotherhood which is of eternal duration, and is indestructible by distance and diversity of thought. Though the broad Atlantic, and the still wider separation of nationalities, are between us, we are joint members not only of the family of man, but also of the immortal family of grace. We feel, therefore, as our fathers did before us, a quick, instinctive sympathy as often as we think of her. But there is another reason for this which connects itself with no other land on the face of the whole earth. There, and only there, have the great problems of Christianity found a fair field for their solution. It has no other than its natural foes—the world, the flesh, and the devil—to contend with. The great revolution which gave independence to the colonies severed the connection

between Church and State. There is no Dissent in America, for the simple reason that there is no Establishment; and the consequence is that, for once in the history of man, Truth is allowed to win its way unaided by force, and to depend for its reception on the free suffrages of a free people. This spectacle challenges the attention of men of all shades of thought here; of Episcopalians and Nonconformists, of the infidel and unreligious alike. The great question of religious politics, which in this country is fast dividing the whole population into two parties, who even now are bracing themselves for sharp and decisive conflict, has there found a practical reply. The voluntary principle reigns in the States, and triumph waits upon its sway. It complains of no want of revenue. It has provided churches and preachers in unexampled proportion to the people; and whilst it rides on the foremost waves of the restless tide of migration which rolls along the illimitable West, it also sends forth missionaries into every quarter of the globe. Such exploits fix the eye which is drawn to them, and unanswerably rebuke the timidity of those who imagine that, deprived of State aid, the power of religion must dwindle and decay.

It is natural to ask what, under these circumstances, our own denomination has done, and to what extent it retains an ecclesiastical likeness to ourselves. Before we attempt a reply, we direct special attention to one very note-worthy fact. Nowhere, except in America, have Baptists ever been the supreme power in a State; and there, unlike every other section of the church, they signalised their ascendancy by giving equal liberties to all. Prior to the Revolution they were sorely persecuted by the Puritans. Rhode Island, and Providence Plantations, were the only spots where they could worship without molestation; but in these places—led on by Roger Williams—they proclaimed universal liberty of conscience; they established a Government consistent with the proclamation; and, finally, founded an University, in whose charter they inserted a provision that its control should be equally vested in all religious parties. We point to this with deep thankfulness. Immersion is only one item of our faith. From the very first we have been the unflinching advocates of the right of private judgment, and it is cause for great gratitude to know that in the only opportunity which has been given it, the denomination has magnificently vindicated the purity and unselfishness of its principles.

Although there are nearly a hundred denominations in America, the Baptists have increased to an almost startling extent. They formed but three Associations within the recollection of persons who have but recently died. Though younger than either, they have rapidly outgrown the Congregational and Episcopal bodies, and are only exceeded by the Methodists. The speed with which they have increased may be indicated by a very few words. In 1792 there were but 1,000 Baptist churches; in 1802 there were 2,433; twenty years later there were 5,822; and at the close of the next equal interval 9,584; whilst last year there were (so far as could be ascertained) no fewer than 13,468. And this, be it observed, as against about 2,000 in England! The contrast is astonishing; and none the less so when we discover how these churches are supplied.

There are upwards of nine thousand ministers who have received ordination, and above a thousand more who are "licensed" to preach; whilst in England and Wales the number is only just over two thousand, of whom not a few are without charges, or have withdrawn from the ministry. It should be remembered that in America nearly every church belongs to an Association; whilst on this side the ocean such connection is far from universal. Here, then, the power of comparison fails us. The returns, however, from abroad, yield a very striking result. In 1852 the enrolled members of churches numbered 776,000. Last year there were 1,130,000; whilst during the twelve months about 70,000 were added by baptism. Nor is this all; for besides the one to which the designation of Baptist distinctly belongs, there are seven other denominations which practise immersion. These are distinguished by very quaint names—of which Winebrennarians and Tunkers are the most singular,—and, as they comprise upwards of half a million more, the aggregate of adults in America who have been baptized is over a million and a half. Now, multiply these figures by the average ratio which the congregation bears to the church, and the total extent of the denomination will be seen to be something immense. Finally, impregnate this total with the leaven of progress whose existence is testified to by the past, and the prospect is truly magnificent. There flashes out on the future a prophecy akin to the vision of the Seer of old, when he beheld the rising of the glory of the Lord.

When we have mentioned a few additional facts, we shall be able to withdraw the tax that has been levied on the taste and patience of our readers. A word or two remains to be said on our sectional literature. At home we have some half dozen serials, and one weekly paper, devoted to denominational interests. In America 16 weekly publications are issued; ten every month; and three, of high literary character, every quarter. These only supplement, however, the enormous issues of a Publication Society, which sent last year a total of more than 21,000,000 of pages from its press, and which, besides, maintains a staff of 35 missionary colporteurs. Our space does not permit us to enter into details. If it did, it could easily be shown that this very valuable agency is gradually flooding the whole Republic with truth. Nor is the work of education forgotten. All accounts agree that the average culture of the ministry is below par; but against this a reaction, which runs, perhaps, a little towards the other extreme, and tends to exalt education above piety, has steadily set in. There is a marked tendency in the Western World to make the pulpit as much of a profession as is medicine, or the bar; but, although our denomination has, to some extent, shared it, it is yet said to be fast recovering from so deadly an error. The *American Baptist Almanac*—a work which answers, but is *very* inferior, to our *Hand-Book*—contains a list of no fewer than 49 colleges and theological institutions. Twenty-one of these, however, are said to be "suspended,"—a term which seems to imply that they are not broken up, but are at present at a standstill. It is a very curious fact, however, that a large proportion of the young men who enter these academies with a view to the ministry, ultimately abandon their design; and that, on the other hand, a considerable number who do enter

the ministry, receive their education in other than Baptist institutions. We have no means of determining the cause of this twofold anomaly; but it certainly requires explanation. There is loud complaint that the staff of preachers has not increased with the wants of the body. In 1792 there were 264 more ministers than churches; whilst the existing excess of churches over ministers is nearly 4,000. All the institutions put together do not furnish more than one hundred men to meet the annual demand for six times their number. This is a deplorable deficiency; and if in England we have the advantage, it is one we devoutly hope will soon disappear.

We shall close this statistical review with a brief notice of the American Baptist Missionary Union. In May last it held its 49th annual meeting in Ohio; and is, therefore, at least twenty years younger than our own Society. Its operations extend to Assam, Burmah, China, Germany, Greece, France, and also to some few of the Indian tribes. It has 19 missions. It supports 84 missionaries, of whom rather more than a half are women, together with 525 native preachers and assistants. It presides over 378 churches, which embrace 31,000 members, and about 1,400 stations and out-stations. There has been some slight decline in its funds, though the year closed with a balance in its favour; but, in spite of the dislocated state of the times, its income amounted to 103,956 dollars.

We come now to make a very few remarks on the spiritual and ecclesiastical condition of the churches. Their designation differs from ours, for they are described as Regular, instead of Particular, Baptists. The terms, however, are pretty well equivalent: the former being used in the West to distinguish the churches from others with which they have little in common, save the mode of administering a particular ordinance. During the last half century a great doctrinal change—resembling that which in the same period has taken place here—has occurred in their views. Except in the Southern and Western States, the high-Calvinism of Owen and Gill has gradually given way, and a broader interpretation has been put on the extent of the Atonement. This important alteration is ascribed to the writings of Fuller; and in the north and east almost universally obtains.

In a few important respects our brethren have departed from our Church polity, and this has led them into somewhat serious results. In all the New England, and in a few other States, they have divided their religious assemblies into two bodies: the Church and the Society. The former consists of the members proper, and the latter of the congregation; and these have co-ordinate authority in almost every matter which affects the interests of the whole. For example:—the invitation to a vacant pulpit is given by the church; but the society, which manages the secular affairs, pronounces its opinion too, and has practically the power of giving an absolute veto if it should not happen to concur; and to such a length is this system carried, that, in one instance upon record, the latter, stepping beyond its legitimate province, itself elected the minister, and then quietly informed the church of the fact! Such an inversion of the order of things cannot be too strongly censured, and if it be permitted to run its course will inevitably work incalculable harm. We note, too, another circumstance. No one is permitted to preach until he has obtained a

certificate—to be renewed every year—from the church he belongs to. This makes him a licentiate. Should he be thought eligible for the pastoral office, he has next to be ordained. Ordination has a permanent design, for it is understood that, come what may, he who receives it is to be a preacher for life. No church is competent to ordain: it convenes a council of neighbouring ministers and others, before whom the candidate appears, and by these, if their approval is gained, the ceremony is performed. When it is known in addition, that a church is virtually excommunicated which does not join an Association, and that all the Associations combine with a view to ecclesiastical unity, it is not surprising that one of their ablest writers should say: "In many cases it must, I think, be observed that we have fallen into practices by no means in harmony with the principles we hold."

We had hoped at least to have glanced at the relation of the Baptist churches in America to the great question of Slavery. On the whole, it had long been one of complicity in the North, and of avowed friendliness in the South. In the latter the negroes who are free to pursue their inclinations, attend either our own or Methodist churches. In Richmond there is an African Baptist church which contains 600 *more* members than meet in the Surrey Tabernacle. It cannot be too strongly affirmed that in America no evil can long stand before the mighty influence of the pulpit; and that for generations it should have been either silent, or auxiliary, in the midst of a sin so awful as slavery, is a sad and insoluble problem. We rejoice to say—what could not have been spoken before—that the Northern churches are with one consent awakening from their long and criminal stupor. Albert Barnes, Henry Ward Beecher, and Dr. Cheever stand no longer alone. Roused at last to a sense of righteousness by the judgment, which with blood-stained feet is striding through the land, and which everywhere evokes the exceeding bitter cry of those whose sons it has laid low and lifeless in the grave,—on every hand the ministers of Him who has proclaimed the brotherhood of man go before the people to repentance, and though their voices falter from their sobs, they sternly proclaim that, since it is abhorred by Christ, Slavery must die!

THE ROYAL STRANGER.

Nonconformists are very much misunderstood in many quarters in the matter of loyalty. There are those amongst the adherents of Episcopacy, who are either so ignorant or so wilful, as to persist in representing Dissent as promotive of disaffection towards the Crown; and who regard the allegiance of dissenters as, for the most part, sullen, grudging, and constrained. This unfounded misconception is one of the most irksome crosses which our principles impose upon us: and there is nothing which an English Nonconformist would so emphatically resent as any imputation upon the enlightened loyalty he feels towards his sovereign. It does not follow that because we demur to the bucolic bray of the rural hustings—of "Church and Queen"—our hearts are colder in their attachment to the royal lady on the throne, than those which beat under the worsted comforters of the agrarian constituents of my Lord Tom Noddy, or the portly burgesses of Squire Hardcash's rotten borough, who dine and vote at the

good Squire's expense. It does not follow that because we revere our church the more, we love our Queen the less. It is a libel upon us to infer that, because we have no liturgical formula of supplication for the Royal Family, no stereotyped iteration of their names in our services, we, therefore, have no devout desires for the gift of Heaven's best blessings to those who fill the lofty stations of the land. We are surely not traitors because we venture to keep consciences, and desire to preserve our sacred vessels from contact with the unwashen hands of human states. It should be no disparagement to us, as good subjects of the Crown, that we claim for the temple an immunity from the incursions of the council chamber; nor should we be denounced as levellers because we reserve just one common platform where the sovereign and the subject must kneel in a like abasement. Who has a right to insinuate that we are not true men, because we strive to be true Christians? or to cast upon us the stigma of disloyalty, because we stagger at the old barbarism of the divine right of kings? The authority of rule is as high to us as to our neighbour: and the majesty of law is as respected by us as by others. And it is injustice, deepened into absolute malignity, to fasten the odium of a sort of treason upon our principles, because they lay a conscientious embargo upon our fealty to a human sceptre when it is stretched across a divine altar.

Although we have no reason to plead guilty to doing anything which may bring these misrepresentations upon ourselves, there are occasions when, through our public organs, we might make some graceful effort to remove them. Obtrusive protestations of respect, pressed at untimely seasons, and with exaggerated parade, are simply offensive and sycophantish. But there are times when the too-rigidly drawn line which includes the usual range of the themes of our literature, might be so far widened or relaxed as to admit an honest tribute to royalty and rule.

Such an occasion has certainly arisen through the interesting event which during the last month startled and gratified the nation,—an event which we hail with joy, not so much for the political importance with which it is fraught, as for the gentler and holier associations it suggests. The stiffest Baptist will find nothing in the "five points" to hold him back from uttering a cordial congratulation to the Royal Parents of the young Prince; and, in the name of a loyal denomination, we would offer that congratulation through our February *Reporter*.

We do this as much, we were about to say, as an act of love as of loyalty. But affection and loyalty are much more synonymous now than they were of yore. The basis of the attachment of the subject to the throne is wondrously broadened during the last quarter of a century. It has acquired a much more personal and cordial character. The principles which prompt it are less weird and mysterious. Time was when "a divinity did hedge a king." And there are countries still—Russia, to wit—where the monarch is supposed to sustain the threefold relation of potentate, and priest, and parent to his people. The duty of loyalty under such a nation would thus become a theory of political economy; and an abstract principle, combining the three corresponding attributes in the subject, would be the ground upon which the loyalty was sustained. But this is impracticable. Law and government may retain their majesty under such a system, and hold a firm ascendancy. But it is a vague and a vain thing thus to hope to systematize a sentiment, and to engraft a healthy tree on such a sapless stock. In England loyalty is spontaneous, and Victoria's subjects love her, as truly as they recognize her sway. This broad national affection has been wrested from the Imperial heart by the personal graces of the Queen; and she is loved in England not more because she wears the crown than because of the womanly and sterling virtues she displays. There are

many circumstances which have tended to promote this loyalty. Some amongst us were but little children when the glad bells crashed forth from all the "realm-spires" of the land in welcome of a tender girl, who came blushing to the throne of England, and trembling at the awful destiny which called her to assume the crown of the mightiest nation on the earth. Yet never did the diadem sit so well, or span a nobler brow than that of the princess we then hailed amongst us. Full fervidly the prayers went forth from Britain's heart that Heaven would smile upon our Queen. And the prayer was answered. The course of her life seemed like a sunny romance. For a little more than a year the young princess reigned, with sage advisers near her throne and courtiers round her royal person. There was that in the charm of her diffidence and youth which touched the chivalry and the manhood of the people, and put their loyalty on a different from the common base. In a short time the fair ruler stands at the altar—the bride, not of a stranger whom diplomacy has introduced, but of the man of her choice and of her heart. The illustrious Consort of our Queen never seemed like a foreigner amongst us. We all know with what devotion he served his sovereign—with what affection he cherished his wife. We all know the admirable skill with which he sustained his delicate part before the nation: bearing State burdens, yet steering clear of all interference which could excite distrust: quietly smoothing the difficulties from the pathway of the lady he was called on to protect, and casting the light of his rare sagacity upon problems in the solution of which he laid grave statesmen under obligation to his wisdom. We all know how he made himself an Englishman by the intellectual culture of all English tastes; how art and agriculture flourished under his fostering care, and every useful science and every healthy sport found in him a student and a patron. We know, too, how the romance of the royal history became tinged with the stronger incidents of fact and life; how there speedily sprung up in the domestic palace a fair line of sons and daughters—rich in the graces of their parents, and heritors of a better dower than coronets or princedom can confer. The children of a while ago are the mothers and fathers of to-day. And, alas! the stern reality of bitter fact has pointed the romance into a history; and the Queen—the bride—the mother—has become the widow; and the weed supplants the crown.

We all wept with our Sovereign while she wept; and as the loving, wifely tear yet refuses to be dried, we weep with her still. But we would gently join with those who would seek to draw up the veil of mourning from the face where we would fain see the softened smile of resignation. Twice has the orange flower been intertwined amongst the cypress leaves since the Good Prince "fell on sleep." And fain would we place some of these bridal blossoms in the bosom of the Royal Mother—that her sorrow may find assuagement in the gladness of her children. It is scarcely a healthy piety to the dead to honour their memory with a monotonous and unbroken libation of tears. And we do trust that the deep tide of mourning which the alliance of the gentle Alice with a princely lord could not check, and the sumptuous espousals of the Heir of England's throne and Denmark's fairest daughter could not allay, may find some wholesome soothing, some tender mitigation, from the auspicious gleam which must fall upon the widowed heart in the baby smile of Alexandra's child.

It seems but yesterday since the entire realm was astir to give a nation's greeting to the maiden who is now a mother. The shout of the million voices which rent the very skies, from the tossing mast, the tangled rigging,—from fort and frontier, headland, peak, and pier,—from country road and city street,—from roof, and scaffolding, and window;—the boom of gun and bray of trumpet,—the whiz of rocket and the burst of shell;—these blended sounds

have scarcely died out of our ears as they hailed the "Star of Denmark" when she landed on our shores, ere we are called on to hang out afresh the banner of rejoicing, and to pick up the scarce faded flowers we strewed upon the pathway of the bride, to twine about the unconscious brow of the princely pledge of the love which was plighted on the 10th of March, and to "make merry and be glad" that "a man is born into the world."

There is a higher than a simple political importance attaching to this birth. Dynastic contingencies, humanly speaking, were provided for, at present, by the majority of the Prince of Wales,—though we challenge him to join us in the prayer his filial heart will readily endorse, that he may long remain the Prince of Wales, and that for years to come Britain may flourish under Victoria's rule. The chief immediate importance of the event we celebrate springs out of the fact that it perfects life's mystic circle in the experience of our Prince and Princess, and it gives hope and expectation to the desire that it may form another and a closer bond of endearment between the young hearts of whose love it is the pledge.

But a political moment also attaches to this happy arrival. And each fresh bulletin which confirms the likelihood of continued life in the royal infant, adds a distincter mark to the horoscope of its history. If we pray that it may be very long ere the Prince of Wales shall wear the crown which still shines upon his mother's widowed brow, we must surely pray with double fervour that it may indeed be very long before that crown is handed to the young candidate for its honours whose cry, has so unexpectedly disturbed the serenity of the halls of Frogmore. Yet still, in Nature's inexorable routine, that "baby brow" is destined in all human likelihood one day to wear "the round and top of sovereignty." He is an heir to England's honours, and has already a vested interest in the nation.

How signally favoured is this land of ours, just now, among the peoples of the earth! The horizon seems everywhere flushed and disturbed. Look almost where we will, we tremble at the portent of foul weather, "for the sky is red." And, alas! in more than one quarter it is not merely portent, but actual storm. Not only is the sky red, but the earth is red also. The warning of the hoisted signal on the headland has proved but too true,—and the tornado of war has swept over an entire continent. The restless nationalities nearer home are growing desperate under the chain which tyranny has tightened round them, and begin to fret against the yoke. Great potentates grow puzzled to employ the fevered minds of discontented subjects, and seem tempted to distract them from the thought of revolution by feeding them with the poisoned pabulum of the sword. The murmur of mustering armies, and the incipient clash of steel, grow audible from more quarters than one. And many a tender wife grows sad, and many a gentle maid turns pale, as the clamour of conscription brawls nearer to the home of husband and of lover, and every index on the prospect points to the battlefield of blood. Amidst all this grim and cloudy anger of the elements, there is yet one spot where the bow of promise shines,—one sun-tinged Goshen, where the homes are happy and the firesides undisturbed. Here in our little England, at present we are at peace. The gates of Janus are still closed amongst us. May the Royal Infant, who has thus found his birth-place in the most richly blessed of all lands, find those gates ever closed; and may he live to seek and to promote the glory of his country through those gentler arts which his illustrious grandsire loved in life, and through the diffusion of that true religion which made him great and strong in the article of death!

Most heartily do we say "Amen" to Cardinal Wiseman's prayer, that the Saviour, "who would receive his birthday offerings, however regal, only at

the hands of the wise, will infuse into the heart of the Royal Infant that truest wisdom which Solomon preferred before kingdoms and thrones, together with which 'all good things,' as well as 'innumerable riches,' came into his possession." And with even a yet more cordial compliance do we respond to the invitation of the Cardinal, as we "turn our thoughts and sympathies towards one still more august" even than the young mother, over whose gracious restoration we so devoutly rejoice—and "who, after her, has a larger claim than anyone else to maternal joys;" trusting that "after her long period of faithful mourning, she may be able to exclaim, as did Lamech on the birth of Noe—'This child shall comfort me!'"

INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE.

EVERYTHING around us is made up of units. The clouds which float above our heads, the air we breathe, the deep and wide sea, and the earth itself, are composed of single particles. This is the universal law of the world of matter; for no part of the vast universe, so far as we know, is or can be exempt from its operation. It is the same with society. Society is composed of a multitude, each one marked by some peculiarity. There you see every variety of mental endowment, of moral power and culture, of passions and aims. Every circle into which we enter unfolds these varieties. We see them in the family, as well as in a nation. Their spirit, their action, their influence, constitute the character of that family or that nation. But though, for certain purposes, we may speak thus, yet we must never forget the fact, that upon the widest scale influence is the result of individual action. With influence man is everywhere and at all times invested. This at times silent, and, frequently, imperceptible power, he is ever putting forth. As the sun is constantly giving forth light and heat, so men are constantly diffusing influence of some kind or other over the circle in which they move. It is a necessary consequence of their moral consciousness, a result of their intelligent and responsible nature. This influence meets us everywhere. Our thoughts, our looks, our words, and our actions, may produce impressions which can never be effaced. They may penetrate some mind, and linking themselves with the secret sources of his power, stir up the depths of his moral nature, and bring out, for good or evil, the might of its hidden energy. The father exerts an influence upon the child, the infant throws it back upon the mother. The minister puts it forth upon his people, the people exert it reflexly upon the minister. Philosophers tell us that the smallest pebble, flung by an infant's hand into the ocean, will agitate every drop of that vast mass; that every movement which disturbs the atmosphere will extend its influence to the whole circumambient fluid. So, doubtless, in the moral world, the laws of which are as perfect and well known to their great Author as those which govern the material universe, everything we do leaves its own impression, and stamps its real character as permanently as though it were engraven in the rock for ever.

Nor let it be forgotten that the extent and potency of this influence is not entirely, if at all, dependent upon the mere accidents of life. Learning,

wealth, power, kingdoms, do not necessarily invest the possessor with an influence superior to that of the man who has them not. It is not kings and monarchs whose power has most shaped the world, but men of another class. Aristotle will live, and his authority be felt, when his royal patron, the great Alexander, is forgotten: Newton, Shakspeare, and Milton will reign in the high places of men's affections, moulding character, and calling forth into loftiest operation the powers of man's inner nature, when the men known as kings in their time have ceased to be regarded with reverence and love. Poverty has generally supplied more to the ranks of the world's benefactors than any other class. Men who have upheaved the superincumbent mass of prejudices and indignity which has oppressed them, and stood out before the world: men who have felt the power of mind or of moral truth, and have wielded it: these have given us the proofs of the potency of man's influence, when linked with the useful, the true, and the holy. These, in spite of monarchs, prejudice, oppression, sorrow, and suffering, have conferred benefits upon society of the highest kind.

More than three centuries ago, the son of a poor miner, by what some men call accident, laid his hand upon a Bible. Though he had attained the age of manhood, it was the first he had seen. He read it with new and thrilling interest. It first perplexed him, then filled him with alarm, but finally inspired him with new feelings. Again and again he drank at the newly-discovered fountain. Light, life, and peace took possession of his mind. The influence of these was not of earth. They impelled him to action. To utter his now deep and absorbing conviction was imperative. Yet to do so was dangerous. It would isolate him from society. Against him the whole civilized world would rise. The prevalent religion, hoary from its antiquity, supported by the pomp and power of monarchs and the great, and nourished by the sottish ignorance of the multitude, would persecute him with the fiercest hatred—even unto death. All agencies but one were united with it, and it might laugh to scorn the *influence of one man*. But Luther spoke. Alone he stood against these fearful odds. From the pulpit and in the class-room, in the square and from the press, he uttered the simple truth of Jesus. Rome shook beneath the thunder of his voice. The light of his teaching flashed from valley to mountain. Individuals, then communities, then cities, and, finally, states, rose into all the dignity of freedom and of new life. The Reformation, with all its faults, is one of the noblest proofs of the power of INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE in modern times.

In 1764, the river Ouse, near to Bedford, was spanned by an old bridge. In the centre of it, according to the fashion of those times, was the city gaol. Within the cold walls of this gaol many a victim to tyranny had been incarcerated. Their number, in 1661, was increased by the incarceration of a tinker. Malignity had triumphed over him. Episcopal hate, under the mask of love to Christ, had robbed him of his freedom, and separated him from his family. He had committed no crime against Heaven. His only sin in the sight of these men was his burning love to the Saviour, and his anxiety to make men holier and happier.

The pride of the Church was humbled. Her sloth was rebuked by his zeal. Nothing but the silence of the humble Evangelist would satisfy her wrath. To lighten his care in his dreary solitude, Bunyan penned his immortal dream. It was published. Men felt its power at once. Into palaces and cottages it carried his influence. The names of his persecutors are now unknown. Their pomp and power, the only things they could wield then, are fled, and perhaps few, if any, of our readers, even know their names. But the mind of Bunyan, his influence, is kindling with new energy every day. It is mightier now for good than ever. Every year augments it. Every new accession which is won from barbarism will supply him with fresh triumphs. And as light is diffused, as truth spreads, will the already vast circle which he fills continue to enlarge, till ultimately every mind will be touched by it, and every tongue proclaim the power of INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE when consecrated to the service of Christ.

But individual influence may operate in other ways, and develop itself in a thousand forms. Amidst the deep sleep into which the church had fallen, a thought flashed upon the mind of Carey. It was heaven-inspired,—one of those which proclaim at once the greatness and glory of their paternity. It was at first only feeble, but it grew and expanded till it filled his whole heart. It became a part of his nature, and changed his whole character. When he mentioned it, men of piety were startled, and grave divines shook their heads and their equally imposing wigs, and said, "Young man, when the age of miracles returns, then we may talk about the conversion of the heathen." But truth is immortal. Nothing can annihilate her. You may weaken her influence and hide her for a season. Like her great type you may eclipse her for a moment, but like him she will emerge from the cloud with fresh power and beauty. Carey thought, prayed, talked, preached about it. It influenced others. They thought, prayed, and talked about it. The circle widened, and now in the magnificent field of the missionary enterprise throughout the world, we see the strength of INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE when it has to struggle with the opposition of even the wise and the good.

We have adverted to these instances that our readers may not only see the immense power which, as individuals, we exert, but the importance of bringing it to bear especially upon the highest interests of Christ's church. With whatever responsibility it may invest us as men, this is augmented by the fact that we are Christians. Upon us, under God, in a great measure, depends the strength or feebleness of the church. The influence of our holy and consistent example, or of our failing to realize this, will promote the one or secure the other. No man, we repeat, is without this influence. Poverty, illiteracy, feebleness, does not exempt from it. Every member of Christ's church is clothed with it, and can produce results, according to the direction in which that influence is used, beyond our power to conceive. It was only a little worm which laid prostrate the gourd under the shadow of which the Prophet sat. Every man makes a part of the great community. He may be a father, a master, a servant, a child. As such he has to do with others. In trade, in the social relation-

ships of life, he has to mingle. There he is known, it may be, to be a Christian, a professed member of the family of Christ. Few are now so ignorant as not to know what is involved in this, and the obligations it imposes. He stands before them then as a model man, a type and a sample of what the religion of Christ can do for humanity; and men, discarding abstract principles, form their estimate of the nature and influences of true piety from what they see. We grant that this is wrong; but what then? We have to do with facts as they are patent before us. Let it be said that the conduct of the professed Christian is irregular. That there is a wide discrepancy between the high standard of his professions and the visible realities of his life: that in business he is hard, oppressive, and unjust; that in his personal enjoyments he is as worldly and as eager for pleasure as others; that he is often in the social circle full of glee and seducing amusement, but seldom with his brethren, mingling in their holy festivities; that for anything but Christ he is the man of energy and enterprise. Now can such a course produce an impression favourable to the advancement of piety? Will the influence he is wielding fill these circles with power of the holiest kind? Will the men who feel it and live under its power ever be brought to think highly of the truth of God? We trow not. If they are converted, it will be in spite of this, and not through it. Contrast with this such a life as that of Harlan Page, or Sarah Martin, or Elizabeth Fry,—Christians who lived to create opportunities to benefit men, and advance Christ's glory. The church, under such an influence as theirs, would constrain men to glorify our Father in Heaven.

The evils resulting to the church of Christ from the abuse of this power have been incalculable. Who has not heard of and deplored them? Into what community of Christians can you enter and not hear of them? With what Christian minister can you converse who does not complain of them? In many cases the feebleness of the church may be traced to this. Those that should be for us are against us. From the world, from the wicked one, we expect hostility, but not treachery from within. We are prepared for the one, we expect it, we are suspicious if it does not come, but we are not prepared for the other. How often has inconsistency closed the ministry which has been promising and successful, disturbed the peace of the church and filled it with discord, thinned the prayer meeting which had been the resort of the awakened and the inquiring, scattered the school which had supplied the church with converts, and been the training-place for many useful ministers. Men have put forth their moral power, they have exerted their personal influence, to retard the prosperity of the church. We need not indicate how. Most of our readers will have no difficulty in deciding this point. Alas! it is too obvious to be veiled in obscurity. Happy will it be for the ministry, greatly will it contribute to the prosperity of the church of Christ, when all his disciples, feeling the untransferable obligation of his claims, shall consecrate their sanctified INDIVIDUAL INFLUENCE to the enlargement of his empire in the world!

"BE PRESENT AT OUR TABLE, LORD."

THESE words suggest scenes with which most of our readers are quite familiar. They bring before the mind's eye tea-meetings, with their customary attendants and accessories. Long tables are covered with white calico, and rows of forms are placed on either side. The said tables are, here and there, dotted with business-like looking companies of cups, and regiments of saucers. Plates loaded with bread and butter and cake exert a magnetic and mesmeric influence on various juvenile eyes which seem riveted upon them. The school-room is completely transformed. One hardly knows it again. The regular rank-and-file of scholars' benches, with a stool for the teacher at the end, have disappeared. A class-card, which has been overlooked by those who formed the tea-meeting committee, on which are inscribed sundry strokes, marks, crosses, and other cabalistic characters, remains to remind those present of the customary use to which the place is applied. Festoons, wreaths, and arches abound. Holly, artificial flowers, miniature banners, and other festive insignia display their glories. Mottoes, more heterogeneous than appropriate, meet the gaze. A somewhat curious mixing up of what is scriptural and what is decidedly not scriptural (in point of good taste, more especially), is to be seen on the aforementioned little flags, or read in letters made of laurel leaves pasted on the wall. Thus, having found the words, "A Merry Christmas," you are rather taken aback with the contrast afforded by the very next, "Jesus wept;" and, having learned the novel fact that "Union is Strength," you are immediately exhorted to "Search the Scriptures." Well, let that pass. It is not right to be cynical. None of us are perfect. Granted that the inscriptions in question are what Mr. Tennyson called one of his poems, namely, "a medley," they contain sound sense and holy writ, and if we only digest them, like certain physical conglomerations swallowed at dinner or supper, will afford nourishment and do us good. To return to our description. Deacons move to and fro, brisk in step and smiling in visage, welcoming various new comers as they enter. The minister moves about, wishing to overlook no one, but let all see that he remembers them, asking after health and domestic matters; giving Brother Brown a gentle tap on his shoulder, and telling him that he must be prepared to "say a few words after tea,—just a few, you know;" and hinting to friend Smith that he should advise him in his speech to make some remarks about the chapel debt: it is time some vigorous effort was made to move it off. Middle-aged ladies, "mothers in Israel," decidedly comfortable, good-natured, responsible-looking as a class, ensconce themselves as behind a metallic bulwark at the back of urns, various in date and fashion. "Waiters" with red cheeks, hurried and short step, partly a walk and partly a run, make their way up and down to do the bidding of the "tea makers." Add to all this, a miscellaneous company of lads and lasses, young men and maidens, middle-aged persons and advanced persons, all in their "Sunday best." Last, but not least, must be mentioned one great essential constituent of every genuine tea-meeting—babies, who never fail to remind the public of their presence by frequent voluntaries of various notes, tones, and metres. At length the wide-spread hum of manifold voices engaged in talk is suddenly silenced. Advancing to one of the tables, the minister knocks it vigorously with his hand, attention is gained, and all glance towards him. Then come the words, "Be present at our table, Lord," &c.

Touching the subject of tea-meetings, opinions widely differ. Some like, others dislike them. We may add that there is a third class. These both like and dislike them. We candidly acknowledge ourselves to be of their number. On certain grounds we heartily hate tea-meetings. As far as our own personal,

taste goes, we would rather any time have a quiet tea in our own parlour, with no other company than that of Mrs. Nameless and our little Nameless, perched, with golden hair, ruddy cheeks, and blue eyes, in her high chair. Moreover, there is a percentage of questionable gossip and indifferent small talk carried on at tea-meetings which might be as well let alone. Albeit, we are not at one with such as would effect a total and immediate revolution in this matter. Tea-meetings do good in their way. They have been far more beneficial than mischievous. Many a generous effort of a pecuniary character, of a moral character, and of a religious character, has dated its birth from the festival of calico-covered tables and decorated school-rooms. Furthermore, these meetings tend to bring people together who ought to be brought together and want bringing together. They promote what may be called a spirit of religious sociality. So, if you please, Mr. Iconoclast, don't be too rough and ready in your movements relative to this ancient dissenting custom. You are a capital theological pugilist, we know. Do not for a moment imagine that we underrate your power to carry on considerable ecclesiastical destruction. We are fully aware of the fact that your disposition and ability to undertake divers smashings and varied upsettings, wholesale and retail, are large. At the same time, we must declare our conviction that you have not yet provided an efficient substitute for tea-meetings, which, by its palpable superiority, would warrant their abandonment. It may be all very well to knock a house down, demolish its furniture, dig away its foundations, and finish it up once and for ever, but always take care that you have a *better* house ready to receive you and yours. Pitiable, rather, to spend one's strength in pulling to pieces one's abode and then have nowhere to lay one's head!

"Be present at our table, Lord." Singing that, is "asking a blessing." It is one of the forms employed for "grace before meat." How about that custom? Is it well, wise, and right to carry on, not only at tea-meetings, public dinners, &c., but at home and in private, this time-worn custom? What is to be said of it as it now exists? *It is a good thing abused.* Is it not? Does not the reader agree with us? We feel confident that his experience must constrain him to acquiesce in our assertion.

In truth, there are few things more painful to a really devout person than to see and to hear the fashion in which "grace before meat" is carried on. It has become a form. Degraded, in too many instances, to a mere habit, robbed of its meaning, it is worse than useless. God forbid that we should write harshly, or that we should malign our brethren, but we are compelled to fear that "asking a blessing" is, not seldom, nothing but a custom. The host at the head of the table looks round, sees that all is ready. Every dish is on the table. The maid waits obsequiously to carry round each plate as it is filled. He obtains attention. In the midst of a conversation down go all heads, and the words composing "grace before meat" are uttered. Of course we would not dogmatically affirm that the whole thing is a sham. Not at all. But are not the said words frequently uttered and heard when the *heart* never rises in true thankfulness to God? On one or two occasions lately we have been present when the *paterfamilias* has been on the verge of asking a *second* blessing, having, in an interval of a few minutes, entirely forgotten that he had already asked one. What does this show?

The very style in which this domestic prayer is often presented, almost precludes the possibility of it awakening on the one hand, or expressing on the other hand, devout feeling. To wit. When Alpha asks a blessing, he closes his eyes in the most unexpected manner, hurries through a short exclamation so rapidly made that one can hardly tell what he says, and almost before you are fully conscious that he has been engaged in the solemn work of prayer, he

ejaculates an "amen," and looking briskly up, asks you what he may have the pleasure of helping you to. This is no imaginary case; we have before us now the recollection of persons who do this. Again: Beta is long, technical, and what may be called universal, in his "grace before meat," for he prays for a blessing upon manifold other things besides the food to be eaten. Not long since we heard a good brother, who attended as a deputation from a certain society, keep the family, at whose house he was staying, waiting at tea while he prayed for the meeting about to be held, the society whose claims were about to be pleaded, and some other things. A third brother we were acquainted with, who, not content with mere utterance, used to give out a verse, and with his wife, children, and the young men out of the shop standing around the table, *sing* a blessing.

While the custom is maintained thus defectively, there is room, and large room, for complaint. God is a great and awful Being; prayer is a momentous, though a blessed engagement; therefore, in the name of all that is holy, true, and right, let us try to reform the evil in question. Better that there is no "grace before meat," than that it should be asked thoughtlessly and irreverently. A certain living author, whose insight into human nature is far from shallow, remarks: "As far as my own experience goes, such utterances are seldom prayers, seldom can be prayers. And if not prayers, what then? To me it is unintelligible that the full tide of glibbest chatter can be stopped in a moment in the midst of profuse good living, and the Giver thanked becomingly in words of heart-felt praise. Clergymen there are, one meets with them now and then, who endeavour to give to the dinner-table grace some of the solemnity of a church ritual; and what is the effect? Much the same as though one were to be interrupted for a minute in the midst of one of our church liturgies to hear a drinking song." Reader, if we see this abuse, let us try to remove it. Be it ours to do what we can to restore to this simple and appropriate custom its proper spirit. It were blasphemy to doubt the excellence and the beauty of what He did, who, ere he performed the miracle of the loaves and fishes, "gave thanks," and at the last sad, solemn supper with his disciples did the same. Let us do likewise; likewise in thought and feeling, as well as likewise in mere form.

"Be present at our table, Lord." This is a prayer, and a prayer which in sentiment, whether in word or not, we should ever use. And yet, thank God, it is one of those supplications which is already answered. He *is* "present at our table," beyond all controversy. Why was he once at the table of Levi? Why was he present at Zaccheus's festive board? Why was he the guest of Simon the Pharisee? Surely it was, partly, to teach us that he is our guest and invisibly dwelling in our habitations. He is no far-off Saviour. He is an everywhere-present Christ. Whither shall we flee from his presence? This great fact we too often ignore. We allow ourselves to be led captive by the delusion that Jesus was nearer to men eighteen hundred years ago than he is now. We do not fully realize the thought that he is as truly with us "at meat," with us when we weep in sorrow, with us when we stroll out in the gentle, sweet summer eventide, as he was with Matthew, or the Bethany family, or those who, on a memorable evening, walked with a stranger towards Emmaus. But let us rebuke our unbelief, and take the Master at his word when he declares he is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever."

"O say not thou art left of God,
Because his tokens in the sky
Thou canst not read; this earth he trod
To teach thee he was ever nigh."

This let us lay well to heart, and our religion will be larger, more catholic, more consistent with itself. Knowing the presence of the Divine Being in

secular as well as in ecclesiastical buildings, remembering his nearness to us not more in the place of worship than in the place of work, we shall be more likely to consecrate our conversation as well as our prayers, our labours as well as our worship, to HIM.

Poetry.

THE LOVED AND LOST.

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost?
Because we miss them from our onward road?
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing—
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,
And God himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.

Aye, look upon this dreary desert path,
The thorns and thistles wheresoe'er we turn;
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!
They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.

Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,
Who with his treasures strove the shore to reach,
While with the raging waves he battled on,
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?

A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand
A little child, had halted by the well
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,
And tell the tired boy of that bright land
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell;

When lo! the Lord, who many mansions had,
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,
Then pitying spake: "Give me the little lad;
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,
I'll bring him with me when I come again."

Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—
"Nay, but the woes I feel he too must share!"
Oh, rather, bursting into grateful song,
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.

We will do likewise. Death hath made no breach
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,
But there's an inward, spiritual speech,
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dust:

It bids us do the work that they laid down—
Take up the song where they broke off the strain;
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

Reviews.

Sermons Preached in Manchester. By Alexander Maclaren. London and Cambridge: Macmillan and Co.

It is really refreshing to have to head a review with a title so short, simple, and straightforward as this. It is a pleasant novelty to meet with a volume of sermons which plainly and honestly avows itself to *be* a volume of sermons, instead of seeking to conceal its real character under the thin disguise of some vague, sentimental, undiscriminating, general title. If sermons will not bear publishing *as* sermons, they had better not be published at all. And there can be no mistake on this point with regard to the sermons before us. They abundantly justify the quiet self-assertion of their title. In the first place, they *are* sermons. They are not essays on different texts, interesting when read in the closet, but which one can scarcely imagine ever to have been addressed to a congregation. The ring of a living voice is in every sentence; the sympathy and earnestness of a man speaking to men glows in every line. You feel that, powerful as the discourses are when read, they need, for full impressiveness, the fervent tone, the flashing eye, the interpreting gesture, of the preacher. This is as it should be. It is a defect in a sermon, as a sermon, when it loses little or nothing by being read instead of heard.

But these are not only sermons in the true and proper sense of that word; they are sermons of no commonplace kind. Reflective, yet homely and racy; original, yet clear and practical; rich in imagination, yet solid in thought; textual, but not slavishly literal; earnest, without rant; and thoroughly evangelical, while free from all excess of theological technicality—they seem to us to be specimens of a very high order indeed of pulpit address. If all sermons were like them, there would be a full end to the talk, of which we hear so much now-a-days, about the declining power of the pulpit.

This praise will not appear excessive to those who know Mr. Maclaren, and, knowing, have long assigned him a foremost place among the preachers of the day. They will rejoice at the appearance of this volume, because it will help to make better known a preacher who is not as popular as he deserves to be, mainly because of his resolute and disdainful abstinence from those tricks of clap-trap by which popularity is too frequently attained. Most of the sermons in this book have been printed before for circulation among the author's own hearers. In that form it was our privilege to read many of them. A few have been published at intervals in the pages of *The Church*. Readers who have met with these will turn, with appetite quickened by that slight foretaste, to the ampler feast here spread out before them.

If we were asked to specify the more prominent excellences of these sermons, we should be disposed to mention first, the insight they display and give into the meaning and connection of the Word of God. Every sermon is true to its text, and treats that text so as to set the truth it utters in the clearest light, and impress the lesson it teaches with the utmost force. The preacher does not walk round and round his text, but goes at once to its heart, and from that central standing-point takes in the compass of its meaning. He looks at a passage, if we may so speak, not from the outside, but from the inside. Every sermon in the book more or less fully illustrates this statement. The discourses thus have much of the value, without the too frequent dryness, of exposition. Mr. Maclaren has, besides, the rare faculty of dragging a truth out from the dust and darkness into which theological theories and controversies have plunged it, and setting it before us in the clear daylight of manly, practical thought and sense. The sermons on "Faith in Christ," and "Working out your own Salvation," are notable examples of this. Then, he often utters a truth in a brief, pregnant sentence, which serves almost the purpose of demonstration, and sticks to the memory like a proverb.

"Every sin buys pleasure at the price of peace." "Foresight and foreboding are two very different things. It is not that the one is the exaggeration of the other, but the one is opposed to the other." "He only is faithful that is full of faith." Illustrations, sometimes beautiful, sometimes homely, always apt, never coarse, abound on almost every page. The preacher's imagination fetches them from every region of nature and of life. And they are generally as easy as they are apt; seldom elaborately introduced or fondly dwelt upon; most frequently flashing out in one or two brief sentences and then disappearing. "Take care of the small! A little faithfulness gives the *habit* of faithfulness, and fits for large duties. Small infidelities *are* infidelities, and will produce the greater. *The little thief goes in at the narrow window and lets in all the big ones.*" "Sin is like a great forest tree that we sometimes see standing up green in its leafy beauty, and spreading a broad shadow over half a field; but when we get round on the other side, there is a great dark hollow in the very heart of it, and corruption is at work there." "O brother, brother! you cannot forget your sins; but it lies within your own decision whether the remembrance shall be thankfulness and blessedness, or whether it shall be pain and loss for ever. Like some black rock that heaves itself above the surface of a sunlit sea, and the wave runs dashing over it; and the spray, as it falls down its sides, is all rainbowed and lightened; and there comes beauty into the mighty grimness of the black thing; so a man's transgressions rear themselves up, and God's great love, coming sweeping itself against them and over them, makes out of the sin an occasion for the flashing more brightly of the beauty of his mercy, and turns the life of the pardoned penitent into a life of which even the sin is not pain to remember." We would fain have spoken of the eloquence into which the preacher's style often rises: not the eloquence of elaborately finished periods, and balanced sentences, but the nobler, though more rugged, eloquence of forceful thought and fervid feeling. Let any one who wishes to understand what we mean read the grand sermon entitled "The Living Dead;" especially the passage from page 107 to page 113. We would gladly quote, but dare not.

We close by earnestly commending to all our readers this book of noble thoughts and precious teachings; thanking our brother for his gift to the church of Christ; and fervently desiring for him continued life and strength and grace, to expound to his favoured people the truth of God, and to enrich our Nonconformist theology by many more contributions of equal value with this.

Counsel and Comfort Spoken from a City Pulpit. By the Author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." Ninth thousand. London: Strahan and Co.

THE "Country Parson" (for that name will stick to him still, though he now speaks "from a city pulpit") is one of those happy men who can defy or do without the reviewer. In relation to him, it may be almost said that the critic's occupation's gone. We should find it hard to assign any reason, beyond the customs of literary life, for reviewing his new volume now. We have certainly no notion that any recommendation of ours will promote its sale;—the book has been advertised, and that is enough. It has reached its ninth thousand already, and is sure to find as many readers as might satisfy the greediest or most ambitious author. Nor need we set ourselves to describe the manner of the book; for every one is as familiar with the style of "A. K. H. B.," as with the features of his nearest friend. And it would be sheer impertinence to furnish extracts from a volume which many of our readers will have read before they read these lines; and which those who have not are sure to read in a very few days. And yet we must speak, if it be only to add our voice to the hearty welcome with which these words of "counsel and comfort" will be received by all who have learned to love the author and his writings; by all who can appreciate spiritual truth spoken in tones of simple thoughtfulness, genial sympathy, and manly earnestness.

This is, as its title implies, a volume of sermons; to which the preacher has prefixed a brief essay in lieu of preface. The essay treats mainly of pul-

pits and preaching: subjects on which the writer shows himself to be a decided conservative, and about which he says many true and good things, with a few, in our judgment, rather questionable. But the sermons form the chief part of the book; and these we have no heart to criticise, the faults we could find are so few and small, while the excellences are so high and so varied. They well bear out the promise of their title; they are words of wise practical and spiritual "counsel" and of strong yet tender "comfort." He who can read them without being the better, must have something strangely wrong about his soul. While, of course, similar in style and tendency to the "Graver Thoughts," these sermons seem to us to be an advance upon those, in point of unction and spirituality. Not that these qualities were lacking in the former volume, but they are, we think, even more prominent in this.

While we have been reading the book we have asked and tried to answer to ourselves the question, Where lies the secret of this preacher's peculiar power? and perhaps we may not unfitly present the result of our meditations to our readers. We think, then, first of all, that very much is due to the fact that his style is a distinctive and characteristic one. It is thoroughly natural; his own and no one's else. Where this is the case, what a man writes or speaks is well nigh sure to tell. For preaching has become to so large an extent the monotonous repetition of conventional commonplaces, that when one comes to us speaking like a man, rather than a preacher, our attention and interest are awakened at once. We soon tire of echoes, and long for a cheery human voice, fresh from a pair of living lungs. The cuckoo's note is pleasant enough; but if we had heard nothing but cuckoos for a month, we should welcome the caw of the rook as a relief, and our hearts would leap up to hear the carol of the lark. And then Mr. Boyd deals mainly with facts and truths not far beyond the range of ordinary thought and experience. He is no discoverer of new truths; we do not cry, as we read his sentences, "That is something I never heard or dreamed of before;" but rather, "That is just what I have thought and felt a thousand times, but never knew how to say it before." He is an interpreter, not a revealer. This may not be the highest order of power, but it is the most popular, and for common purposes the most useful. You feel, too, in reading these sermons, that you are not being preached at by a stern and censorious dogmatist, but talked with by a wise and genial friend. This directness and familiarity of manner, along with that quick and open sympathy which enables him to enter into the feelings, put himself in the position, of each one whom he addresses, is one main element of the preacher's power. And so is what we may venture to call the refined homeliness of his style. These are not orations, in the technical sense of that word: and all the better for Mr. Boyd's hearers and readers that they are not. We commend these sermons to the study (not the imitation) of every preacher who would attain to what appears to us the very perfection of the preacher's art,—the art of being homely and familiar, without becoming coarse or trivial.

But we must have done. We don't say to our readers, "Read this book," for they will do that without our bidding. But we congratulate those who have read it on the "betterment" we are sure they have received, and could find in our hearts to envy those who have not, the enjoyment and edification they have yet in store.

A History of Baptism from the Inspired and Uninspired Writings. By the Rev. Isaac Taylor Hinton. Edited by the Rev. J. H. Hinton, M.A., with a Preface and an Appendix by the Rev. F. W. Gotch, LL.D. London: J. Heaton and Son.

This, as many of our readers are aware, is a reprint, for the "Bunyan Library," of an excellent and valuable work by the Rev. Isaac Taylor Hinton. The value of this edition is greatly increased by the preface and appendix of Dr. Gotch. Something over twenty years ago the controversy was raging between the Bible Society and the Baptists, because our missionaries in India would *translate* in their versions of the Scriptures the words relating to baptism, and would *not* transfer them;

and those who are old enough to remember that period will remember amid what a storm the Bible Translation Society came into the world, affording us the only ground on which we could stand for the prosecution of our work in the East. Dr. Gotch's pamphlet, here printed in the appendix to this book, may be said to have been one of the fruits of that controversy; and embodies the results of so much careful and scholarly research, as to entitle it to be rescued from the grave of nearly all pamphlets, and to take some permanent place in the Baptist Literature of this country. We can here give only the title of it, remarking that in temper and candour it is a model of gentlemanly controversy:—"A Critical Examination of the rendering of the word *Baptizo* in the Ancient and many of the Modern Versions of the New Testament; with especial reference to Dr. Henderson's animadversions upon Mr. Greenfield's statements on the subject."

Mr. Isaac Taylor Hinton's book was originally written for the American public, but has long been known and appreciated in this country as one of the ablest popular works on the vexed question of baptism. If our readers want a book exhaustive, but not tedious, with as much learning as could be made intelligible to general readers, dealing largely with the authorities on the other side and with the intrinsic question itself, fair, yet firm and decisive—such a book as they would like to put into the hands of a pædobaptist friend,—we think this is the best book they could find for such a purpose. Dr. Carson's book has, perhaps, more original investigation, and certainly a more trenchant style of treating those who differ from him; but this is the book for circulation among general readers. There are few topics connected with baptism which are not discussed either formally or incidentally, either in the text or in the copious notes of this volume. Amongst other topics it discusses the baptism of Jewish proselytes,—John's baptism in its relation to Christian baptism,—Christian baptism as it appears in the Gospels, in the Acts of the Apostles, and in the Epistles. It produces evidence to show the time at which infant baptism made its appearance in the primitive church, and traces both the practice of the church and the history of opinion concerning baptism up to a recent period.

It will increase the confidence with which this book will be welcomed by English readers, that it is introduced to us under the efficient editorship of the Rev. John Howard Hinton,—the brother of the author. Long may the pen he holds be held with the same steadfast hand and intelligent purpose which have guided it for so many useful years. We beg once more to call attention to the excellent series of the "Bunyan Library," and trust it will have the wide circulation it deserves.

Funeral Services on the Occasion of the Decease of the Rev. John Statham, of Chenies, Bucks. London: Channow.

We are glad at the appearance of this small memorial of a worthy man, although it is far below his worth. Many a man, whose merits were no greater than those of our deceased friend, has been honoured with a biography. The Rev. John Statham was well known as having occupied some important posts of Christian labour; first at Reading, then as a missionary in the East Indies, then, on his return, at Amersham and at Tring. The last three or four years of his ministry were spent in the retirement of the beautiful village of Chenies, in Buckinghamshire. His natural endowments were by no means small, and these, added to his constant zeal and conscientiousness in his ministerial labours, made him both attractive and successful. We learn that, not long before his death, he told his wife that he had baptized between eleven and twelve hundred persons during his entire ministry. A goodly company, this, to greet him at the last! He pursued his ministry without interruption to the close of his life, and he only ceased working that he might die. On his last Sunday, although in much pain, he preached three times; on the Monday it was evident he was very ill; and on the Tuesday he died. And so closed the life of a brave old Christian, as we thankfully recognize him to have been. The publication before us contains an address at Mr. Statham's grave, by the Rev. W. Payne, of Ches-

ham; a sermon at Chenies, by the Rev. John Price, of Amersham; and a sermon at Trevor chapel, Brompton, by the Rev. W. M. Statham, son of the deceased. We have great pleasure in noticing that a funeral sermon was also preached at the parish church, Chenies, by the Hon. and Rev. Lord W. Russell, between whom and our departed friend there existed a cordial intimacy.

Christian Cabinet.

THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

To the general aspects of the subject, may be added one peculiar to the English-speaking nations. That version of the Scriptures, which has become the common heirloom of all English-speaking Protestants, is, by common consent, the noblest monument of our mother tongue. The English Bible is the accepted standard of the English language. It has done, and it is doing, more to keep the language to its moorings, than all other causes combined. If, in the startling rush and progression of new ideas, the language do not drift entirely from its moorings, so that Bacon, and Milton, and Shakspeare will have to be read by our descendants with the help of a Lexicon and a Commentary, as native Greeks have now to read Plato and Demosthenes, it will be because, through all coming generations, every English-speaking lip shall be trained from infancy to the golden accents of the English Bible. Of the more than seventy millions who now speak this wonderful tongue, there is not one whose dearest household words are not drawn from that priceless depository. The writer or the speaker among us, who wishes to utter his thoughts in words which shall have power to stir the public heart to its lowest depths and its widest circumference, should give his days and nights to the study of the English Bible. He who wishes merely to enrich his own mind, should allow it to be steeped, as it were, in the very words of that marvellous book.

If any one would appreciate fairly the influence of the English Bible, in keeping the language from drifting away from its standards, let him reflect that in this respect, now, at the end of two centuries and a half, we are not farther from Shakspeare, whose writings were contemporaneous with King James's version, than Shakspeare was from Spenser, who was only some twenty years his predecessor. The change in two hundred and fifty years since the publication of the English Bible, has not been as great as it was before in less than a single generation. Had it not been for the influence of this marvellous book, Shakspeare might even now be to us the almost sealed book that Chaucer is; and Dryden's translation of Chaucer would itself need to be again translated into more modern English. In fact, down to the time of James I., the language was in a constant state of flux. The authors of one generation became obsolescent to the next generation, and obsolete to the third. But, all at once, this onward and downward tendency was arrested. This wandering island became fixed, a solid and enduring continent in mid ocean, receiving from all quarters increments and additions, enriched and enlarged by contributions from every clime, but retaining in its centre and heart, all its primeval elements, towards which every wandering bark might safely direct its course, as to a haven of rest.

To this benign result there can be no doubt that our English Bible has contributed more than all other causes combined. It has done for the English what no societies of the learned, no autocracy of letters or of science, have been able to do for any other tongue. It has given to our language a fixed point, immovable as the everlasting hills, a solid, granitic formation of rude, homely, elemental Saxon. No floods of change can ever disintegrate or wear away this enduring mass. There it stands, like the upheaved form of the Alleghanies, with no more depression of its height, no more deflection of its line, than when the rude savage still hunted at its base. Whether our race shall

survive for two centuries or for twenty centuries, the great backbone of the language, the central stock of its elements, its household words, all the grand old terms by which the heart still continues to tell its joys and sorrows, will still be the same that you and I now use, and that our forefathers and foremothers have used for more than ten generations. No legislation, civil or ecclesiastical, can ever weed out from the heart, or banish from the tongue, of the English-speaking race, the words of its English Bible. While infancy still continues to learn at its mother's knee, in its first lisping accents, to say, "Our Father, who art in heaven," or old age with its last expiring breath shall say, with Simeon, "Now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation;" while the lyric pathos of David, the lamenting wail of Jeremiah, the trumpet notes of Paul, or the subdued majesty of John the Divine, shall find an echo in the devout believer's heart, the words to which these glorious thoughts have been wedded shall live, and shall be a common medium of thought, to all the unborn millions who shall speak this dear English tongue of ours to the end of time.—*Dr. Hart.*

WHAT THE FLOWER-POT COVERED.

"WHAT a beautiful place!" said I to myself, as I walked out into the grounds of my friend. It was early in the morning, when the dews were on the flowers, and the rays of the new sun were just glinting through the trees, and the birds were fluttering and singing in their gladness. The walks were smooth and perfect, and if there were fairies in these days, I felt sure they would love to dwell here. In the laying out of the grounds and in the choice and cultivation of the flowers, nothing was to be desired more perfect. In one of the walks among the flowers I noticed a large flower-pot, turned bottom upward. It seemed in the way, and out of place, and I wondered at the carelessness of the gardener who had left it there. But perhaps there was a reason for it. So I stooped down and carefully lifted it up, and there, in the soil, plain to be seen, was *the footprint of a little child.* Then I understood it all! The little one, more precious than all these flowers and grounds, the only child, had lately been carried away by unseen hands. It was among the dead; and the mother in her walks, had found the print of its little foot, and had carefully (oh, how carefully!) covered it with this flower-pot. How often she had lifted it up with tears can never be known. But I felt that I had almost done a wrong to lift it up. It was not for my eye.

Oh, mother, who but he who created the heart can know anything of the agony which thou has felt! They call thee childless, but it is not so. When in thy dreams thou stretchest out thy arms for the little one, the heart feels it. When thou sittest down, its beautiful face smiles in thy memory; and when thou walkest forth, its little footsteps patter by thy side. It lives fresh and green in thy memory, and will never cease to live there. Other mothers will have all their children grow up and pass out of childhood, but thou wilt never be without a little child! Thou mayest live and grow old, it may be, but the child will live a child still, just as it drooped and withered in thine arms—a child still till thou meetest it in heaven! These bright and early dead, how we love them! The golden tresses of childhood seem to wave before our eyes, and the tunes and echoes of their voices seem to ring in our ears, as long as we live! Why are they taken away so early?

Perhaps to show us that men are not created for this world, and that for the great end of their creation it is of no consequence whether they stay here a few days or seventy years.

Perhaps God sees that if they lived here they have bodies so delicately formed that they would only pass life in pain and anguish, and they are taken away from the evils to come.

Perhaps he sees that the parents have not strength or principle enough to restrain them; and they would grow up—like the sons of Eli and Samuel—to be a curse to their generation.

Perhaps he sees that the child will never be able to resist the temptations of life, but will yield, and become a sorrow to that mother heavier far than the sorrow over the dead.

Perhaps he sees that he would not only become wicked himself, but would

tempt the innocent and ruin many for ever.

And perhaps the blessed Redeemer says: "Now I will do a kinder thing for that beautiful child than to leave it in that sinful, sorrowful world. I will take it at once to my own bosom, and place it where it shall be educated by angels, and led by saints in glory. It shall share in my redemption without the struggles of earth, and shall never have a thing to remember and regret!" And so his own fingers lift the latch as death enters the chamber, and his own arms receive it. The little footprints are left on earth for a few days, but the little feet are walking the golden streets of the new Jerusalem.—*Rev. J. Todd, D.D.*

Christian Activity.

THE BAPTISTS IN SWEDEN.

The account of the Swedish Baptists, in our last number, ended with a notice of the departure of F. O. Nilsson with a number of his brethren to America, in June, 1853.

We have now to show how God fitted and sent into the field another labourer, who has been for several years one of the most devoted and honoured in Sweden.

Andreas Wiberg was born in 1816, near Hudiksvall, a small town in the north-east of Sweden. His parents were peasants. When he was fourteen years of age, he was in imminent danger of drowning; and was saved in a way that seemed almost miraculous. The peril to which he had been exposed, associated with the view it presented of eternity, awakened his deepest concern; while his deliverance excited his gratitude to his Divine Preserver. He began to read the Bible, and religious books; and, among the latter, was specially interested in Bunyan's "Holy War." Serious thoughts about his own salvation were followed by a desire to seek the salvation of others. He resolved to study for the Christian ministry; and went to reside with a pious clergyman. Here his religious impressions were strengthened. After the lapse of a year he placed himself under the tuition of another instructor, more learned than the first, but wholly destitute of piety; and under his evil influence, although he progressed in learning, he soon lost all his seriousness.

In 1835 he entered the University of Upsala, and studied there four years; supporting himself, while pursuing his studies, by teaching in several families in the town. Though he studied with diligence, the motive which had first influenced him was gone; and he had even become an unbeliever. He was not, however, allowed to remain in this state. A pious friend one day entered his room, and remonstrating with him on his infidel sentiments, quoted the words of the apostle, "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." The truth, like an arrow, pierced his heart. He determined to forsake his infidelity; and falling on his knees, he sought "the living God" with tears.

For three long years he continued under the bondage of the law, striving in vain to work out a righteousness of his own. He read much in the Germans of the mystic school; but his perplexities and distress only increased, till he was near despair. At length, through the writings of John Arndt, he was led to understand the way of salvation, and to the enjoyment of the peace which springs from faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

In 1843 he became a priest in the State Church of Sweden; and preached with much earnestness and success. But soon he began to have doubts respecting the propriety of admitting unconverted persons to the Lord's Supper. These scruples greatly perplexed him; and, as his health had been much impaired by over-exertion in preaching, he determined to ask permission of the Consistory of Upsala to rest for a season. This was granted; and for two years he was engaged in translating and publishing some of Luther's works, and in editing a religious paper.

At this period a few pious persons

in Stockholm began to be interested in the subject of baptism, through the conversations of a Swedish gentleman, resident in England, who was a Baptist, and was now, in 1849, on a visit to his native country. The year following, Nilsson's sentence of banishment was pronounced; and this circumstance also drew the attention of Christians to the subject. Mr. Wiberg, during all the inquiry and discussion which arose, strongly opposed all Baptist opinions; but a great change awaited him.

In the spring of 1851, he visited Hamburg, and, during his stay in that city, associated with the Revs. J. G. Oncken and J. Köbner, and the Baptist church under their care. With the constitution and discipline, the spirituality and earnest piety of this church, he was delighted; but he could not yet assent to their views on baptism. On his departure from Hamburg, Mr. Köbner gave him several tracts on the subject, among which was a copy of the German translation of Pengilly's "Scripture Guide to Baptism." This he read on his return to Sweden, and when he saw the author's exposition of 1 Cor. vii. 14, his former confidence in infant baptism began to be shaken. He continued his study of the subject with increasing interest, reading Hinton's "History of Baptism," Dr. Carson's "Baptism in its Mode and Subjects," and especially the New Testament.

While pursuing this investigation, Mr. Wiberg was attacked by a severe illness, which continued for three months. He gradually recovered, and his physician advised a sea voyage as the best means of restoring his strength. An opportunity presented itself of obtaining a free passage to America, of which he gladly availed himself, resolved, as his conversion to Baptist sentiments was now complete, to be baptized there. The vessel, however, was detained for two days at Copenhagen, waiting for a favourable wind. He sought out Mr. Nilsson, the pastor of the Baptist church, whom he knew by correspondence, though they had never met; applied for baptism; and that evening, July 23rd, 1852, was baptized, in the presence of a little band of believers, in the waters of the Baltic.

Mr. Wiberg's arrival in America inaugurated a new era in the history of the Baptist cause in Sweden. He was at once brought into connection with the Baptists there, and his intercourse with them drew their attention to the opening for Christian effort which Sweden presented. He laboured at first as a colporteur of the American Baptist Publication Society, among the seamen in New York; and subsequently visited Philadelphia, where he was engaged for a time in preparing books and tracts in the Swedish language, under the direction of the same Society.

Prior to his departure from Sweden, Mr. Wiberg had prepared a treatise on Baptism, and left it for publication. As soon as it appeared, it was circulated in various parts of the country, and aroused a spirit of earnest inquiry. The work of God continued to progress; not, however, without opposition. The pulpits resounded with denunciations of the Baptists; and during the years 1854–55, no less than fourteen different treatises against their views were published and widely circulated. Though the press was entirely free, preaching the Gospel was forbidden. Reproach, fines, imprisonment, banishment, awaited our brethren.

A copy of Mr. Wiberg's book was taken to the Province of Dalarna. It was first read by Nas Per Person, who is now one of the most diligent colporteurs in Sweden. It led him to search the Scriptures; and he was convinced that it was his duty to be baptized. He lent the book to others. A powerful religious movement commenced about this time in the province. The little volume was passed from one to another until it was worn out. Many were anxious to know the Lord's will; and they learnt it, and were baptized into the name of the Triune Jehovah. Among the number, was P. F. Hedjdenberg, who was baptized and ordained at Hamburg; and who in a few months after was imprisoned for the *crime* of preaching the Gospel, and baptizing those who had believed. In a letter dated "January 20th, 1855, from the Cell-prison of the District of Stockholm," he says: "One must rise from bed, leave wife and children, and immediately follow to prison, for no other reason than, as you know, that I have denied 'the true evangelical doctrine' by preaching Jesus Christ and him crucified, that he alone is the way

to heaven and salvation, and the only foundation,—because I teach 'he that believes and is baptized shall be saved,'—and because I have received the Lord's Supper together with believers only, and *not with the world*, which is the synagogue of Satan and the enemy of God. This is my crime."

The letter from which the above extract is taken was read at the meeting of the American Baptist Publication Society, in May, 1855; when the committee on Foreign Colportage and Publication, recommended the Board to consider the propriety of at once establishing a system of colportage in Sweden. This recommendation was carried out by the appointment of Mr. Wiberg to the post of missionary colporteur in his native land. After his appointment, he spent a few weeks in visiting the American churches in behalf of his mission. On the 8th of September, he sailed from America, and arrived in Stockholm on the 7th of November; having spent a few days at Hamburg.

Mr. Wiberg's return was hailed with joy by the church in Stockholm, and by the churches in the provinces. The organization of the Stockholm church was immediately completed by the election of officers. The joint pastors, Messrs. Wiberg and Möllersvärd, held frequent services, preaching several times during the week in a hall, which, although large, was too small for the accommodation of the hearers.

On the 1st of January, 1856, Mr. Wiberg issued the first number of a paper called "The Evangelist," to appear fortnightly. Its circulation has largely increased; and it has proved a powerful auxiliary to the preached Word. During the summer of this year he also baptized, for the first time, in his own country. The hope that liberty of conscience was about to be granted, excited at this period deep and prayerful emotions in the hearts of Baptists in Sweden. King Oscar had declared to the Diet his intention to bring before them a law to this effect. And even Bishop Thomander had expressed himself in favour of granting to Baptists "a patent right to exist, but not to increase." Thank God! though religious liberty is not yet fully enjoyed in that land, our brethren not only exist, they have also multiplied, so that the little one has become a thousand, the small one a strong nation.

In 1857 the Rev. G. Palmquist returned from America, after an absence of six years; and Mr. Wiberg the next week set out on a missionary tour, leaving the church in Stockholm under his care. During this summer about forty persons were added to it by baptism. Among these were Mr. Schyberg, a gentleman who has built a large hall for worship in connection with his residence, in the south part of Stockholm. In the following winter a Dorcas Society was formed. A Sunday school had been in existence some time. The following passage from a letter of Mr. Wiberg's, written during this winter, gives a pleasing picture of a working church:—"The brethren of our church go out two and two every Sunday, sometimes several miles beyond Stockholm, and read and expound the Word of God; while the sisters go from house to house distributing tracts and conversing with the impenitent." The church in Stockholm has, under the blessing of God, continued to prosper till the present day. The place in which the brethren meet for worship is too small to contain those who come to hear the truth. There are nearly three hundred members in fellowship. A Young Men's Christian Association, and a Female Christian Association, have been formed; also a Maternal Society: the objects of which are to promote the growth of personal piety among the members. A site has also been secured, in a good situation, for a chapel, expected to hold about fifteen hundred persons. The present number of churches in the Stockholm Association is thirty, with eight hundred and seventy-six members.

We must occupy the remaining part of this sketch with a few brief notices of the growth of Baptist principles in the provinces.

Dalecarlia, or Dalarna, possesses a peculiar charm for the patriot, because in its mines Gustavus Wasa laboured for his daily bread, awaiting the time when he might rise and rescue his country from the yoke of the oppressor. It is invested with a stronger interest in our eyes on account of the sufferings endured there for Christ. Here is a specimen of those sufferings:—"Fifteen of our brethren and sisters in Dalarna,"

writes Mr. D. Forssell, a Christian merchant in Stockholm, in 1855, "have lately been imprisoned for a certain time on bread and water, as a punishment for taking the Lord's Supper out of the State church. I have just heard that they were very happy in prison." During the summer of 1857, many in this region were brought to believe in Christ, and were baptized in his name. Trials of various kinds followed those who had dared to obey God rather than man. They were summoned before tribunals, civil and ecclesiastical, fined, and imprisoned; often the rites of marriage were denied to them, and those who dared to unite themselves in the presence of the church, as some did, were fined and separated by the authorities. Of late years, the cause in Dalarna has suffered considerably from erroneous doctrine. But the work seems again reviving. In his report last year, Mr. Wiberg says:—"In Dalarna, the doctrine of sinless perfection has received a decided check, and the Lord seems to bless the labours of brethren Nas Per Person and Dahlgreen to saints and sinners. No Association has been organised here. The seven churches number a hundred and seventy-five members. Only sixteen have been baptized; but we have better prospects for the coming year. A hundred children attend the Sunday schools."

Skania is a large and flourishing province in the southern extremity of Sweden. It comprises the two modern divisions of Christianstad and Malmö. Believers' baptism was first discussed in Skania in 1856. The colporteurs of the Missionary Union of Stockholm were preaching the Word with faithfulness, and men were reading the Bible as they had never read it before, and they found this truth there. One of the preachers, Sven Svenson, was the first to be baptized. He visited Stockholm for that purpose; and after remaining there for about six months, to receive further training for his work, returned to Skania. His labours were abundantly blessed; but he was most sorely persecuted by his adversaries. He had to endure blows, imprisonment, and ill-treatment of the worst kind. In every village, watch was set for him to arrest him in case he should cross the boundaries of the parish in which he lived. God, however, supported him; able men were raised up to unite with him in the arduous work; and they continue until now. In the meeting room opened in Gothenburg, in 1862, through the liberality of Captain G. W. Schröder, the Gospel has been preached to the blessing of many souls. The number of churches in Skania last year was twenty-nine, with one thousand and nineteen members.

The most extensive progress of the Lord's work in Sweden during the past year has been in the Nerike Association, where two hundred and thirty-three were added by baptism. There are twenty-seven churches, with eleven hundred and eighty-three members, connected with this Association. The largest and most prosperous church is the one in Great Mellösa. Scarcely a Sabbath is said to pass away without some one being brought to faith in Christ. There has been a great awakening, too, in the town of Askersund, and in two or three of the surrounding parishes. The instrument in the hands of God for the accomplishment of this work has been a plain, uneducated brother, of the name of Malm.

The Province of Helsingland has been a nursery of experimental religion for more than a hundred years. A great work has been carried on here during the last year. The same may be said of the parishes of Hudiksvall and Hassela, and others adjoining. There are in the Norland Association, which includes these districts, fifty-two churches, with sixteen hundred and seventy-four members.

In the Smoland Association there are two hundred and twenty-four members, gathered into seven churches.

The devoted colporteurs, in pursuing their unwearied labours, have reached the most northern parts of Sweden, and preached the life-giving Word in the barren regions of Swedish Lapland. In 1859, the Rev. Nas Per Person spent the months of October and November in a region within one degree of the Arctic Circle. He was received with joy. In every place large and interested audiences gathered around him, and the blessing of God accompanied his labours. Many were baptized; churches were formed; and Sunday schools organised. In several cases the pastors of the State Church, unlike

their brethren in other parts of Sweden, welcomed the preacher and aided him in his work.

Norway also has been visited, and three or four churches organised there; and the most earnest entreaties have been sent to Stockholm for more labourers in that field.

The spread of Baptist principles has not been confined to the main land of Sweden. In the Baltic Sea, about seventy miles from the main land, is the island of Gottland. It is about eighty miles long, and thirty-three broad at the widest part. In the month of August, 1857, Mr. Wiberg visited this island. He found the minds of the people awakened on the subject of religion; but there was not a Baptist to be seen. A Mr. Rechnitzer, a converted Jew, residing at Wisby, the chief town, allowed Mr. Wiberg to preach in his house on the day of his arrival. The next morning Mr. W. returned to Stockholm. The following spring Mr. Rechnitzer came to Stockholm to apply for baptism; and the ordinance was administered to him by Mr. Wiberg a few days after his arrival. Mr. R. returned to Gottland, and with earnestness and zeal proclaimed the newly-discovered truth. Before the close of 1859 six Baptist churches were formed. Since then the brethren have had many difficulties to contend with from the bigoted Lutherans, from Mormonites, and others. Still God has blessed their labours in a remarkable manner. Much has been done to improve the condition of the rising generation in the establishment of week-day and Sunday schools. Even some who are not Baptists in sentiment approve of the good order of the week-day schools, and willingly send their children. In the Gottland Association there are nine churches, with three hundred and sixty-four members.

In the island of Aland, situated in the Baltic, and belonging to Russia, there has been formed a small church. In the autumn of 1854 the Rev. C. Möllersvärd and another Baptist were sent to this island by Mr. Forssell, of Stockholm, on business. When the business was finished, Mr. Möllersvärd remained to preach the Gospel. Hundreds attended the meetings which he held, and great interest was manifested. In the spring of 1856 an Alander came to Stockholm for the purpose of receiving baptism. Soon after his return he was summoned to appear before the priests. He underwent an examination of four hours before the Archdeacon. The District Sergeant searched his house for books, but found none. He was threatened with banishment, but no farther proceedings were instituted. Others followed him; and before the close of the year a church of eight members was organised.

So God has carried on his work in Sweden. The opposition has been great, but greater is he who is with his people than all they who are against them. During the last ten years many important changes have taken place in the ecclesiastical condition of the country. The old conventicle law which forbade prayer meetings to be held when the clergyman was absent, has been abolished. People are not tied down to the ministry and ordinances of their own parish. The sacrament law, which condemned to fine and imprisonment any one, other than a clergyman, who should administer the Lord's Supper, and all who should receive it at his hands, has been swept away. The still more objectionable law, which imposed on every Swedish citizen the obligation of receiving the communion at least once a year, has also been abolished. Assemblies of pious persons for reading, exhortation, and prayer, are allowed, all over the land. Still the Baptists have to suffer persecution. Instances constantly occur of their children being taken from them by force to be sprinkled by the clergyman; while the parents are fined or charged to pay godfathers and policemen who assist at the ceremony. For the *crime* of assembling for worship, on the Lord's day forenoon (the time of service in the State Church), the brethren in Sigtuna have recently had to pay fifty rix-dollars; and the brethren in Gothenburg have been condemned in a fine of one hundred rix-dollars.

The sufferings, however, which now attend the Baptists are nothing in comparison with those through which they have passed. In a great fight of afflictions they have remained unshaken, and have steadily gained ground. Their faith and patience may be tried for years to come; but their God will still

uphold them. There are abundant signs of promise. The vision may tarry; still we confidently hope that for the Baptists of Sweden there is a future—a future fraught with peace and prosperity to themselves, and with blessings, through their instrumentality, to all the Scandinavian races.

There is the deepest need in Sweden for the pure doctrines, the holy lives, the earnest labours, and the fervent prayers of our brethren. In spite of the great revival of religion in that land during the last few years, formalism, scepticism, and ungodliness abound. Renan's "Life of Christ" has been published in two separate translations, and has been hailed with shouts of joy by almost the entire press, and a large portion of the educated classes. "There is more swearing in one day in Sweden, than you hear in any other country in a month;" such was the testimony of a Swedish gentleman to the writer the other day. Over fifty per cent. of the children born in Stockholm are illegitimate. Drunkenness prevails to a fearful extent, and, in many cases, the clergymen of the State Church are distillers. Truly much land remains to be possessed. May it soon be subdued by the truth; and filled with the Redeemer's glory!

Words of Wisdom for Christian People.

"LITTLE FRUIT."

The pastor sat alone in his study: before him lay an open Bible, but he heeded it not; pressing both hands to his broad forehead, he thought, and thought painfully. There was a sadness in his whole bearing, which even a stranger would have marked; there was an expression in the tight-pressed lips and bowing head, which must have awakened sympathy. At last the pastor's grief found vent in words.

"Little fruit! little fruit!" he murmured. This was his sorrow. "Twenty years of labour;—twenty years of prayer;—twenty years of seed-sowing;—and yet so little fruit! Twenty years of faithful preaching of Christ crucified,—*has* it been faithful, oh, my God?"—and the pale face looked upward;—"I thank thee that I *can* say, that by thy grace thou hast enabled me to preach 'not myself, but Christ Jesus my Lord';—twenty years, and all so barren still! Oh, Father, why, oh why, is it *thus* with me?" The forehead again rested in the outspread palm. It was a time of temptation. Oh, for some gentle woman's hand to rest upon that fevered brow!—oh, for some holy voice of sympathy,—God-sent,—to lead that sufferer to the Book and to the throne!

"And why a *woman's* hand?" asks one;—"and why a *woman's* voice?" For this,—that Edward Deans needed just such to cheer,—to aid,—to sympathise;—for this,—that in years long, long buried, he had loved, and had called his bride, a flower which the angel-reaper had marked for his own bright spoil. And, oh, if *any* need the holy influence which Christian woman sheds,—it is the weary, trembling, doubting man who sows God's seed, and looks in vain for fruit!

Not that he *should* be weary, trembling, doubting! No,—for has he not the promise?—and is it not his mission to work on; and, praying for a blessing, feel that the results are God's? But he is human;—and he faints, and questions his vocation; yet pens his sorrow from all mortal eyes,—as, too, he pens his joy, when at the last he hears the voice from heaven which bids him work and wait. Then, oh for wifely touch, and voice, and sympathy!—then, oh for social hearth, and woman's loving care!

But the pastor thinks not of all this; he repines not that no Mary dwells in house as well as heart; his love for her lives still,—will ever live; and they shall meet in heaven. Yet, all unconsciously he yearns for the gentle touch, and for one cheering glance of those bright eyes! It comes not yet, but He who bade the reaper take the flower, has not forgotten him from whose grasp it was torn; and, speaking as he would have prompted those loved lips to speak, the Master bids the tried one rise and pray!

It is not prayer at first; there are words and thoughts, but there is feeling, aspiration, nowhere; *that* is not prayer. But what is *this!*—succeeding as calm death succeeds life's tumult,—deep, incomprehensible, sublime; the head upraised, the lips just parted; no sigh, no word, no sound; *only that look;* angels regarding it; God delighting in it!

Long time spent thus leads the pastor to his seat again,—again to the open Bible; —not now a disregarded page, but a loved counsellor, a heaven-sent guide. Far on towards the summer midnight sat he thus, examining himself as to the performance of his holy work,—as to his faithfulness in his great calling. And the result was a deep humility, but a holy confidence; a sense of frailty as concerned himself, of strength as concerned his Master; a sadness as regarded the appearance of fruit of his labours, a calm joy as regarded the "Well done!" which he might hope to hear.

And at last he could look up, and with his finger on the page, exclaim, "Oh, Father, I am happy! happy in thee!" These words had met his sight, and had been graven in his heart,—

"For we are *unto God a sweet savour of Christ*, in them that are saved, and in them that perish;—to the one we are a savour of death unto death, and to the other a savour of life unto life. And who is sufficient for these things?"

"Then, oh, my Father, although in sadness I labour, and have been, and am, alas, alas! to many 'a savour of death unto death,' still am I unto thee as 'a sweet savour!'" There was peace in those dear words.

The pastor at M—— had, indeed, seen little fruit of his twenty years of toil. Youths had grown to men of middle age; strong frames had bowed to age and feebleness; children had sprung to manhood; and hoary hairs had been covered with the valley clod: yet few had heard his message; few had given themselves to God. Sabbath after Sabbath he held up the Cross; they listened, but they did, as far as he could see, no more. It was a Pharisaic district: religion was *respectable;*—fathers went to sing, and pray, and listen, because it was well to set a decent example to their families;—youths, because they had been taught to think it a good stepping-stone to honour;—children, because led by those above them;—nearly all with some idea that they were nearer heaven for it. And yet, let me not speak too harshly,—let me not include *all* the hearers of Mr. Deans in this description,—oh, never!—for there *were* a few who, though amongst earth's poorest, were heaven's richest ones. Oh, blessed to the pastor's heart is the fixed gaze of one such loved disciple!—dear indeed the pressure of the hand, and the low murmur of gratitude for the "word spoken in season."

And had Mr. Deans forgotten these? Oh, no! but he wanted more, *more yet:* yes, and God *gave* him more; but he saw not fit to let him *know* and feel it. At least *not yet;* heaven should reveal it all.

In a far recess of that quiet chapel sat, week by week, a tall lad of sixteen: a lad of slumbering intellect, of noble heart. Mr. Deans had marked him often tremblingly; for a brow so high and broad, an eye so flashing, a lip so curled at times with high disdain, a bearing so erect, spoke to him,—of what? Of a fearful future; for the boy's father was an infidel. But the lad left the neighbourhood, bearing with him a Bible, the gift of Mr. Deans; and after years found him,—what? *An ambassador for Christ*, an instrument of good to thousands of undying souls!

There was a secret disciple in that congregation,—a frail woman, whom consumption warned that death was coming. Constitutionally melancholy, she was a trembling babe in Christ; yet still,—oh, blessed words!—she *was* in Him. Burdened, weak, and fainting, she came forth for the last time to the loved sanctuary. "Am I his, or am I not?" she asked continually. The preacher rose: he dwelt upon these very doubts and fears; he strove to clear the path, and he succeeded. Up leaped the trembling soul; the Spirit, through the word, brought sweetest peace; and, all triumphant now, the timid, trusting one turned homeward; and, ere Mr. Deans could visit her, she was dead!

He knew not this till heaven had oped her gates; till Jesus, with those wide-spread arms of love, had smiled the "Well done, good and faithful!"

Then, all this, and a thousand things like these, burst on his gladdened sight, and he felt that God had given him, all unworthy, a rich harvest of immortal souls.

And wilt not *thou*,—oh, fainting labourer,—oh, tried and tempted servant,—wilt not thou look to that "Bravely done!"—those open arms? Oh, pause not thou to doubt,—but work,—work on! till heaven shall,—all rejoicing,—show what thou, weak in thyself, but strong in God, hast done!

And ye, who listen week by week, and, listening, are fed;—ye, over whom the pastor joys or sorrows,—and for whom he ever prays,—oh, have not ye your work? Where are your wrestlings at the throne of grace,—your thoughtful listenings,—your constant aids? Oh, if your pastor sees but "little fruit," stay not to dwell upon his lack of faith,—his human weaknesses,—his feeble working;—but, hastening to the closet, ask, in all sincerity, if there be fault with *you!*

Narratives, Anecdotes, &c.

SUDDEN DEATH, SUDDEN GLORY.

The Rev. Mr. Hall, of Arnsby, (father of the celebrated Robert Hall), Mr. Evans, of Foxton, and Mr. Christian, of Sheepshead, three eminently pious ministers of the Gospel, attended a ministers' meeting at Mr. Woodman's, Sutton-in-the-Elms, Leicestershire. The day was solemn, and the discourses delivered were very interesting and appropriate. In the evening these ministers spent their time together in the most agreeable conversation.

Among other subjects one of them proposed for discussion that passage in Job ix. 23: "If the scourge slay suddenly, he will laugh at the trial of the innocent." Deep seriousness pervaded the conversation, while each minister gave his thoughts on the text. When it came to Mr. Christian's turn to speak he dwelt on the subject with an unusual degree of feeling. He considered it as referring to the sudden death of the righteous, and was expatiating very largely on the desirableness of such an event, and the happy surprise with which it would be attended, when, amid a flood of rapturous tears, he took his flight from the world while the words were yet faltering on his tongue.

Edmeston, the poet, wrote the following beautiful lines on this solemn event:

Which is the happiest death to die?
"Oh," said one, "if I might choose,
Long at the gates of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit, ere it fly,
With bright celestial views.
Mine were a lingering death without pain,
A death which all might love to see;
And mark how bright and sweet would be
The victory I should gain!

"Fain would I catch a hymn of love
From the angel harps that ring above,
And sing it, as my parting breath
Quiver'd and expired in death:
So that those on earth might hear
The harp-notes of another sphere,
And mark, when nature faints and dies,
What springs of heavenly life arise;
And gather, from the death they view,
A ray of hope to light them through,
When they shall be departing too."

"No," said another, "so not I;
Sudden as thought is the death *I* would die;
I would suddenly lay my shackles by;
Nor bear a single glance at parting,
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
Nor the frame with mortal terrors shaking,
Nor the heart where love's soft bands are breaking.

"So would *I* die!
All bliss, without a pang to cloud it;
All joy, without a pain to shroud it;
Not slain, but caught up as it were,
To meet my Saviour in the air:
So would I die!
Oh, how bright were the realms of light
Bursting *at once* upon my sight!
Even so I long to go:
These parting hours, how sad and slow!"

His voice grew faint, and fixed was his eye,
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy;
The hue of his cheeks and lips decayed,
Around his mouth a sweet smile played.
They look'd—he was dead!
His spirit had fled,
Painless and swift as his own desire;

His soul undress'd
From her mortal vest,
Had stepp'd into her ear of heavenly fire,
And prov'd how bright
Were the realms of light,
Bursting at once upon the sight.

THE HIGHLANDER'S PRAYER.

A Scotch Highlander, who served in the first disastrous war with the American colonies, was brought one evening before his commanding officer, charged with the capital offence of being in communication with the enemy. The charge could not well be preferred at a more dangerous time. Only a few weeks had elapsed since the execution of Major Andre, and the indignation of the British, exasperated almost to madness by the event, had not yet cooled down. There was, however, no direct proof against the Highlander. He had been seen in the gray of the twilight stealing out from a clump of underwood that bordered on one of the huge forests which, at that period, covered by much the greater part of the United Provinces, and which, in the immediate neighbourhood of the British, swarmed with the troops of Washington. All the rest was mere inference and conjecture. The poor man's defence was summed up in a few words. He had stolen away from his fellows, he said, to spend an hour in private prayer.

"Have you been in *the habit* of spending hours in private prayer?" sternly asked the officer, himself a Scotchman and a Presbyterian.

The Highlander replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said the other, drawing out his watch, "never in all your life had you more need of prayer than now; kneel down, sir, and pray aloud, that we may all hear you."

The Highlander, in the expectation of instant death, knelt down. His prayer was that of one long acquainted with the appropriate language in which the Christian addresses his God. It breathed of imminent peril, and earnestly implored the Divine interposition in the threatened danger,—the help of him who, in times of extremity, is strong to deliver. It exhibited, in short, a man who, thoroughly conversant with the scheme of redemption, and fully impressed with the necessity of a personal interest in the advantages which it secures, had made the business of salvation the work of many a solitary hour, and had, in consequence, acquired much fluency in expressing all his various wants as they occurred, and his thoughts and wishes as they arose.

"You may go, sir," said the officer, as he concluded; "you have, I dare say, not been in correspondence with the enemy to-night."

"His statement," he continued, addressing himself to the other officers, "is, I doubt not, perfectly correct. No one could have prayed so without a long apprenticeship; fellows who have never attended drill always get on ill at review."—*Hugh Miller.*

THE DYING SOLDIER.

It was just after the battle of Williamsburg, where hundreds of our brave fellows had fallen, never to bear arms again in their country's cause, and where hundreds more were wounded, that a soldier came to the tent of a delegate of the Christian Commission, and said, "Chaplain, one of our boys is badly wounded, and wants to see you right away." Hurriedly following the soldier, says the delegate, I was taken to the hospital, and led to a bed, upon which lay a noble young soldier. He was pale and blood-stained from a terrible wound above the temple. I saw at a glance that he had but a few hours to live upon earth. Taking his hand, I said to him, "Well, my brother, what can I do for you?" The poor dying soldier looked up in my face, and placing his finger where his hair was stained with his blood, he said, "Chaplain, cut a *big lock from here for mother—for mother*, mind, chaplain!" I hesitated to do it. He said, "Don't be afraid, chaplain, to disfigure my hair. It's for mother, and nobody will come to see me in the dead-house to-morrow." I did as he requested me. "Now, chaplain," said the dying man, "I want you to kneel down by me and *return thanks to God.*" "For what?" I asked. "For giving me such a mother. Oh, chaplain, she is a good mother; her teachings comfort and console me now. And, chaplain, thank God that by his grace I am a Christian. Oh, what would I

do now if I wasn't a Christian? I know that my Redeemer liveth. I feel that his finished work has saved me. And, chaplain, thank God for giving me dying grace. He has made my dying bed 'feel soft as downy pillows are.' Thank him for the promised home in glory. I'll soon be there—there where there is no war, nor sorrow, nor desolation, nor death—where *I'll see Jesus*, and be for ever with the Lord." I knelt by the dying man, and thanked God for the blessings he had bestowed upon him—the blessings of a good mother, a Christian hope, and dying grace, to bear testimony to God's faithfulness. Shortly after the prayer, he said, "Good bye, chaplain: if you ever see mother, tell her *it was all well!*"—*American Magazine.*

A Page for the Young.

MY GRANDFATHER'S PICTURES.

A STORY ABOUT THAT OLD SUBJECT—THE WEATHER.

The sky was cloudy, and the wheels of the carts and carriages which passed by our door, on their way to the busy little market town of Chamborough, wore a coating of mud which by no means improved their appearance, as my grandfather, wrapped in his long black cloak and old-fashioned gaiters, came up the steps and saluted me with, "Eh, Willie, lad, what's to do?"

"Oh, nothing much, grandfather," I replied, in my blunt, boyish way; "I am bothered about this horrid thaw: that's all."

"About the thaw, eh?" said my grandfather, inquiringly.

"Yes. I just wanted the frost to last one week—only one, and this morning all the snow is turned to slush, and the ice to water!"

As I finished this energetic speech, I kicked aside a row of skates which had been placed in the lobby overnight, in the hope that my cousins and I might require them as usual after breakfast, and "banged" the door with a violence that brought Lizzie, my little sister, from the parlour.

"Oh, Willie, Willie!" said my grandfather, "thou art altogether wrong."

He laid his hand upon my shoulder as he spoke. I wished to shake it off, but dared not; so good, so firm, so wise and kind, was my grandfather.

"A selfish lad! to think always of his own pleasure, and never once of the shivering poor," said he; "God help him!"

"God help *them*, you mean, don't you, grandpapa?" said my little sister, putting all the skates in order as she spoke.

"No, darling; I was thinking of the help that must come to Willie, if he is ever to be a happy, contented, generous lad; and so I say again, God help him!"

I was offended, but I controlled myself so far as to allow that large, thin, dark-veined hand to rest upon my arm another minute. Then, leaving my grandfather at the door of the little breakfast-room, in which my mother sat mending and making for her large family, I went back, and deliberately kicked all the skates from the top of the kitchen stairs to the bottom. I was in what my sister Lizzie called my "tantrums," and it was not until they were over that she ventured to touch my cheek with her lips, and say, in a tone that seemed an echo of my grandfather's, "Willie, Willie!"

"It is all very fine for you," I replied, as I endured, without encouraging her caresses; "you are a girl, and you don't skate, or slide, or throw snowballs, or anything of the sort, and you want your snowdrops to be coming on, and your crocus bed to be in full bloom on St. Valentine's day, as it was last year; so *you need not talk!*"

Lizzie waited a while before she answered me, and then it was only to say, "I dare say I *am* selfish, but,"—there she waited again.

"But," I repeated, lounging moodily against the wall—"but what?"

"*I do not feel angry with God*," said Lizzie, in her grave yet perfectly child-like way; "that is all."

That was all; but the "all" was everything. Angry with God! how

the words seemed to cover my face with shame! I did not speak, but I went up to the staircase window and stood there with my hands in my pockets and my head upon my breast, thinking as I had never thought before.

After a time came a sound from the lobby, "Willie, I want you to go with me and see some pictures." In a moment more I had shaken myself out of my reverie and was bounding over two stairs at a time.

"What pictures, grandfather? I did not know that there were any in the town."

A smile was the answer, and *such* a smile! Ah, I wish you had known him, my dear, kind, wise-hearted grandfather!

"Can Lizzie go, and the cousins?"

"Not to-day, Willie; another time, perhaps."

We went off together, and my spirits rose higher and higher as my grandfather conducted me to the principal street in Chamborough, stopping to buy a bag of oranges at one place, half a pint of jelly at another, and so on. "Depend upon it," thought I, "we shall have a spread!"

At last, turning into a narrow lane that opened on a court in which three small, half-naked children were quarrelling over a crust, we drew up at the door of a house with dirty windows, and prepared to mount a staircase of which every step was three-cornered and half decayed. But before we went up, my dear grandfather looked round suddenly, and, pointing to the miserable court and its starving occupants, said, "Look there, Willie! that's the first of my pictures. Number one."

I obeyed him with a flushed cheek and swelling heart, for I saw now what he meant by "pictures."

"Do you think," said my kind guide, as, for the second time that morning, he laid one of his large hands on my shoulder,—"do you think those poor children would call this a 'horrid' thaw?"

I did not speak; and we went up the crumbling stair to a room in which a poor girl, whom I guessed to be sixteen or seventeen years old, lay on a low bed, under a thin blue coverlet. By her side was a stool on which stood a large mug half full of water. By the dull window was another stool, and a flower-pot full of dusty mould. Other furniture I saw none.

"I have brought you some jelly, Mary," said my grandfather presently. I had given him the spare stool that he might rest, for he was feeble, even then, and breathed hard after mounting those high stairs. "Where is your mother?"

"She is gone out to get the coals with the ticket that you gave her this morning, sir," replied poor Mary.

"That's right. Can my grandson find a spoon for this jelly anywhere?"

There *was* one in the cupboard—scarcely worth a halfpenny, but still a spoon. I administered some of the jelly, awkwardly enough, but with a pleasure which I had never known before.

"God is so good to me," said poor Mary, with a sigh of relief, as the bag of oranges was laid beside the remaining portion of the jelly. "First of all came this blessed thaw, and the coals, and now—oh, sir, how *can* I thank you?"

"Don't even try," said my grandfather, with his kind smile: "let us all thank God." We did so, and my heart melted.

"Good bye, poor Mary," said I, as we rose from our knees. A shilling found its way into her thin white hand at that moment. It was all I had to give. "Good bye, poor Mary!" I repeated at the door, for I found it hard to tear myself away.

"Come, my lad," said my grandfather, "there are other pictures to be seen; so come away."

This time we walked briskly towards the parish workhouse.

"I am going to the hospital now," said my grandfather; "you shall hear what sick paupers think about 'this horrid thaw.'"

I looked up with a glance that seemed to say, "Have mercy!" He saw it, and smiled. After that he looked brighter, I thought, than in the earlier part of our walk. We were soon at the workhouse, and its door was opened by a man of seventy-five, or thereabout, who seemed to be well acquainted with my guide.

"Ah, Woolcot, not so cold to-day, eh?" said the kindly voice, as we went on.

"No, thank God, master!" said the pauper, reverently.

We turned back when he had closed the heavy door, and saw him bending over a grate half full of bricks. "Number three," said my grandfather. "If he is cold now, what would he have been if the frost had continued, Willie?"

I was silent. Our path lay across two courts, and through a passage that was colder than any place I had ever known. At the end of this passage was the door of a ward set apart for infirm and aged women. To one of these, as I afterwards discovered, my grandfather had once been indebted for some trifling service, in return for which he carried her a weekly present of tea and sugar, that spoke volumes to her grateful heart.

"You are looking quite cheerful to-day," said the kind voice, after reading and prayer.

"Yes, sir, we *are*," said Old Susan; "it's the change in the weather."

"What, you don't like the frost?" said my grandfather, with a side glance at me.

"Not so well as the thaw, sir," replied Susan: "though, to be sure," she added solemnly, "*the good Lord above knows best.*"

We came away. At the gate we stopped again. "How old are you, Jacob?" said my grandfather.

"Seventy-six, an' please you, master, come next month—that's March, if I live to see it."

"And the cold cuts you up, does it, Jacob?"

"Ah, yes, master, for you see I've got nothing to keep me warm;"—he held out his withered arm as he spoke,—"I'm nothing but bones," he said, "and skin, and the frost was terrible. But, thank God, it's gone now."

Thank God! I could say that too, as we walked homewards. Grandpapa's pictures had done their work. Since that time I have never once been angry about the weather, for I have learned to feel, with poor old Susan, that "the good Lord above knows best."

Our Sunday Schools.

A STORY OF A RAGGED SCHOOL.*

In one part of London there existed, in the midst of some seemingly decent streets, a court, two or three alleys, and two or three streets of six-roomed houses. In this court, these streets and alleys, there lived a population of above 3,000 people. Few of the families squatting there possessed more than one room, and any one wanting to learn the art of vegetating in the smallest possible space of ground, would only have to spend a few days there to have got his lesson to perfection. None of the houses contained more than eight, and the great mass had only six rooms, and many of the worst principles of intercommunism prevailed there to a terrible extent. The clergyman of the parish, at the time of which I am writing, was a man of wonderful energy and enterprise. He saw a necessity, made up his mind to an effort, started a new work, and then, with "constitutional obstinacy," as he was wont to say, "stuck to it." He could not but see the evils that existed in this part of his over-large parish. He felt it a scandal that streets should exist down which no respectable person could pass with safety; that hordes of immortal souls should be left uncared for: and so he tried method after method to reach them. All efforts, however, were but of little avail while the streets swarmed with half-naked children, who went to no school, and submitted to no discipline. It is true that there were schools nigh at hand, but they were all too respectable: and if, perhaps, some of the parents ought to have sent their children to these schools, they certainly would not do so. What, then, could be done, but start a Ragged school! An old carpenter's shop existed between two houses in the court; it was unoccupied; it was seized upon; and the school was opened. But the children would not be caught! "Billy, Billy, Billy, come and be taught!" was echoed and re-echoed, but all in vain for a while; and it was only after desperate efforts that a few children were coaxed in. When once, however, the

* "Parson and People." Seeley and Co.

ice was broken, scholars began to flow in apace, and before many weeks the little shop was overcrowded. The new scholars were scholars indeed; they had everything to learn, and, above all else, they had to learn obedience. To sit still was to many of them a moral impossibility; to fight or fidget was, as it were, their normal occupation. Kindness and firmness were brought to bear upon this excitable horde, and their effects soon began to tell. Many of the pupils were professional thieves, and all of them had a power of abstracting which would have charmed a Highland freebooter.

"Where's Billy to-day, boys?"

"Oh, sir, he's in for a copper-scuttle."

"Where's Tommy?"

"He's in for some lead guttering."

"In," of course, meant in gaol—a place with which many of them were very familiar. I remember giving one day a lesson on the Cities of Refuge; and, in questioning the boys, asked, "If the fugitive reached the city, in what state would he be?"

"All right, sir."

"But if he went out again?"

"He'd be nabbed."

The police at that time were wonderfully plagued by a little old woman, who committed innumerable petty depredations in our neighbourhood, and who, when chased, outran them all, and more than once popped over a succession of garden-walls, without paying any attention to female grace or delicacy. All efforts to catch this little woman, or to find out where she lived, were for a long time unsuccessful; but, at last, one day she appeared at an evening lecture at the night school, and took her seat amongst the grown-up people. She had not long been seated, however, before low murmurs began to spread amongst the boys in the back seats; and some of them, pointing to the old woman, whispered, "It's Jack Long! It's Jack Long!"

"It aint!"

"It is!"

The controversy waxed strong, and at last the master was forced to interfere, and to ask the cause of the disturbance. He was told their suspicions; and, walking up to the little old woman, he gazed steadily at her. It was Jack Long, who, emboldened by the way in which he had outwitted the police, was determined to try whether his old comrades would detect him or not; but, alas for him! their eyes were too sharp to be so easily imposed upon, and the story getting buzzed about, the police knew exactly where to wait when their old plague recommenced depredations.

The curious feature about many parents is this: they will chastise, often most intemperately, their own children, but they will not permit any one else to chastise them; and this peculiarity often evinced itself in the visits of what the head of one of our great public schools called "the schoolmaster's greatest scourge—viz., anxious and irritated mammas." These "anxious and irritated mammas" were, however, not at all accustomed to conceal their feelings, or even to keep them under decent control, and their wrath was often violent. I remember, on one occasion, the master had corrected a little boy for gross misconduct. The little boy had threatened "to tell mother." The threat was carried out; and when the school opened after dinner, a huge virago entered. Walking up to the master, she said—

"So you've whopped our Billy."

"Yes," replied the master; "he behaved very badly."

"Well," screamed the virago, "no one shall whop him but I; and I'll learn you how to do it!"

In an instant she attacked him, struck him violently in the chest—a serious matter to a very delicate man—and it was with difficulty that he escaped her. Of course it was necessary to interfere in such a case, and a summons soon brought her to her senses. She came and humbly asked pardon, and promised—a great condescension on her part—that "he might whop Billy to his heart's content, if only he wouldn't have her up before the beak;" and some kindness shown her shortly afterwards in her confinement, by the master, entirely broke her proud spirit, and made her a steady friend.

Talking of punishment, I must needs here intrude a story of a scene which occurred in quite another spot.

A dear and valued friend of my own, a dignitary of the Church, and a most accomplished and elegant scholar, thought it his duty to preach a sermon

on the correction of children, and took as his text Prov. xiii. 24. He dwelt ably and eloquently on the necessity of chastisement for the young, and carefully pointed out on what occasions and under what limitations it ought to be administered. His congregation was attentive, and he thought to himself that he laid down every condition necessary to insure that chastisement, if needful, should be wisely and judiciously administered. Poor man! Two mornings afterwards, as he was walking in his garden, he spied a neighbour—a great, coarse, and most vulgar woman, one whom he always shrank from—looking over the hedge. He drew back, and quietly turned into a side path; but escape was impossible. In a voice which could not but be heard, his neighbour screamed out, "Mr. Archdeacon! Mr. Archdeacon! I want to speak to you." The Archdeacon turned back, and drawing nigh to her, politely asked what she wished to say. "A lovely sermon that of yours on Sunday—a lovely sermon, sir. I hope we shall all profit by it. I've acted on it at once. Our Bill, sir, was a bad boy yesterday, so I took a stick and larruped him till I couldn't stand over him any longer." Need I say the poor sensitive preacher slunk away, overpowered by such *delicate flattery!*

To return to our Ragged school. If the day school was difficult to manage, the night school was doubly so. Great rough lads and young men swarmed to it, because it was warm and well lighted; but in reality they came for a spree, and not to work. To teach in such scenes is a complete gift. Some of those most successful with orderly children could never do it; while, on the other hand, I have seen a mere lad sway at will a large class of men and lads double and treble his age. Firm kindness, a good temper, and a loving heart, are all essential for this task; and, for my own part, I always prefer, for a thoroughly rough school, women teachers. The pupils are used to blows and rough usage—it is the atmosphere they have always lived in, the dialect they best understand—but gentle firmness is a weapon they have never met with, and against which they have no guard. In one of my Sunday schools I was obliged to keep a class of incorrigibles in a separate room by themselves. Man after man took this class and failed; I dared not give it up, and dared scarcely keep it on. At last a lady took it; chaos was reduced, and after a short time her complaint was that the boys were being all restored to the regular school, and promoted there.

If our Ragged school abounded in difficulties, it abounded also in encouragements; its fruits were manifest. In the course of about seven years nearly 1,500 children passed through it; and on one occasion no fewer than 112 boys and girls were found to have been rescued from the streets, fitted to gain an honest livelihood, and provided with good situations. I was preaching there one Sunday evening, when I saw amongst my hearers a sergeant of artillery, in full uniform, decorated with several medals, and with a good conduct badge. After the service I went up to him, and asked him what had brought him there.

"I came, sir, to see the old place."

"What, do you know this school?"

"Yes, sir; I got all my learning here. It took me out of the street; and as I sail for China on Tuesday, I thought I must come back and have one more look at the old place and the old folk before I sailed." The superintendent told me that he had attended both morning and afternoon schools and the young men's Bible-class, and seemed altogether delighted with his visit.

We have spoken before of the rebellious ones; there was one lad whom we lost sight of for some years, not knowing in the least what had become of him. The excellent superintendent had given up the Ragged school, and was gone elsewhere. One day, however, he called on me, and in the course of conversation said—

"I have taken part in a night school in my new neighbourhood, sir, and had a curious surprise a few weeks ago. Just after I had opened school, a young man entered. He was dressed in a respectable black coat and waistcoat, and had on a silver watch-chain and watch; in fact, his appearance was thoroughly respectable. Walking up to me, he said—

"'Do you want any teachers, sir?'

"I turned towards him. The moment he saw my full face, he exclaimed—

"'Why, Mr. Sinden, is it you, sir?'

"'Yes,' I said, 'my name is Sinden; but do you know me?'

"'Yes, sir—yes, full well; and you ought to know me, for I once plagued you rarely. Do you remember H—— E——?'

"'Oh, yes,' I said, 'and often wanted to know what had become of him.'

"'I'm him, sir.'

"'You?—impossible!'

"'Yes, sir, I am. You wonder at my looks, sir, but I've changed masters; I served Satan hard, and he brought me down lower and lower; but, thank God, I now serve the Lord, and he is bringing me up; but I owe it to what I learnt at your school, sir.'"

The seed sown was found here after many days, and he became as great a comfort to his old master as an assistant as he had formerly been a plague as a scholar.

Two or three moral tales, the truth of which we may vouch for, may be pardoned here.

Some of our pupils required a marvellous deal of breaking in, but well repaid the trouble. To give an instance. On one occasion one of the teachers told a boy to sit down in his place.

"I shan't!" was the surly reply.

"You must."

"I shan't!"

"Then I must stand by you till you do." He stood for some little time, but seeing no symptoms of the lad yielding, called the superintendent, who said to the boy—

"Now, you must sit down in your place, or you cannot leave the school, if you stay here all night."

The lad continued obstinate, the master firm. At nine o'clock the school was dismissed, but the lad was not allowed to leave. Ten struck, eleven struck—the superintendent and the lad were still in their respective situations. At a quarter-past eleven the fatigue on young muscles overcame the obstinacy of a young will, and the lad dropped into his seat. No sooner was he down, than with a face of becoming impudence, he said—

"You'll take me home now, sir, won't you, for my father and mother will be anxious about me?"

The operation once performed was thoroughly successful; he never gave the superintendent any more trouble.

Another tale about unexpected fruit may, perhaps, be given here. A poor lad, who was not very refractory, but uncommonly idle, was in the habit of coming to school. His very idleness made him a great trouble to his master and to his parents, and at last, more in the hope of doing the son good than from other objects, his father determined to accept an offer of work, and to remove to Tewkesbury. They had been gone from our neighbourhood a year and a half, when one day the superintendent was told that a lad was at the door, desirous of speaking with him. He went down stairs, and there saw a tall, ungainly, and most ragged boy awaiting him.

"You don't know me, sir?"

"What, George! is it you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come in, lad," said his kind friend, who took him down stairs, made him take a wash at the sink, and then gave him some tea, which was eagerly devoured by the famished lad. After tea, the following facts came out. The boy had gone to Tewkesbury with his father, but had there been treated with great sternness; had run away from home, after having broken open a cupboard and taken a sovereign which had been put aside for rent; had made his way to Bristol, hoping to get a berth on board ship, but, having no character, could not get employment; his money had soon been spent, and he had then started to walk to London, in the hope that his old teacher would be able to reconcile him to his father. The teacher took him next morning to his dear old clergyman, who ordered him to provide for the lad for some days, and to write at once to the parents, who gladly consented to receive back their truant, and sent the money to pay the expenses of his journey home. Some time elapsed, and one day a most grateful letter arrived from the boy, stating that the kindnesses shown to him had opened his heart to feel the yet greater love of his Redeemer, and that he who had been once rescued from the pit was now endeavouring, as a Sunday school teacher, to aid others also.

Such stories might be multiplied, but we forbear.

Who will not say, GOD BLESS THE RAGGED SCHOOL?

Our Societies.

THE BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

We are thankful to say that the efforts which are being made to meet the present financial difficulties of the Baptist Missionary Society are being attended with the most encouraging success. We mentioned in our last that the prospective deficiency, which had been originally fixed at *eight thousand pounds*, had been already hopefully estimated at a much smaller sum: we are now able to mention that at a meeting of the committee, on January 13th, the Treasurer announced that the deficiency might now be estimated at £5,700. This, of course, is a large sum,—far too large for a deficit; but the reduction effected in so short a time shows how much may be done by prompt and united effort, and how easy it would be, by vigorous exertion, to remove the anticipated difficulty altogether.

Our space prevents us, of course, from mentioning *all* the various efforts, information of which has reached us. In Yorkshire, Mr. Pottenger continues his exertions, and is everywhere received with kindness, and always everywhere his appeal meets with a gratifying response. At Northampton, a meeting of ministers and deacons has been held, representing the entire county, and there a movement has been begun which promises the most satisfactory results. At a similar meeting in Southampton, the churches of the Southern Association were largely represented, and resolutions to co-operate in the work were cordially and unanimously agreed to. In addition to the places mentioned above, Devonshire, Huntingdonshire, Somersetshire, Nottinghamshire, and Lancashire, are moving. Our brother, Mr. Evans, of Delhi, is labouring with much success in Wales. It is pleasing to add, that at all the places where meetings have been held, the desire was expressed, not only to meet the present emergency, but considerably to increase the permanent income of the Society.

No communication has reached the committee which has afforded sincerer gratification than one from the Rev. F. S. Williams, Secretary of the Congregational Institute for Theological and Missionary Training, Nottingham. Mr. Williams says: "The hint has been thrown out that our Independent churches might gracefully and Christianly help our Baptist friends in diminishing their Missionary Society debt. Will you kindly inform me, very briefly, what are the facts in regard to that debt?" This truly "graceful" epistle, to borrow Mr. Williams's word, was read at the quarterly meeting of the committee, and it has been responded to in a spirit like that which prompted it. It will be, not perhaps a new thing, but it will be a delightful thing, if Mr. Williams's suggestion should be carried out; and that, not so much for the pecuniary assistance that may be rendered, as for the illustration it will afford of the true oneness of spirit and feeling which exists among all those who are intimately connected with missionary work.

We only add, that the results already attained are not such as to justify the slightest *diminution* of effort; but they are such as to encourage and sustain effort. If the churches go on as they have begun, this hour of trial will be the harbinger of richer blessing, and the promise of greater success than ever.

A GREAT trial has occurred to our brethren in Cameroons, Western Africa, in which, however, they have been mercifully preserved. The Rev. J. Fuller writes:—

"It is with feelings of deep gratitude to our good and gracious God, that I have to record another manifestation of divine interposition, by saving us all from being burnt to death. We have truly to acknowledge the merciful providence by which we were saved.

"On the morning of the 18th of October, somewhere about two o'clock, a fire was discovered in the house, and just at a place where, but for this merciful interposition, five minutes would have set the whole premises on fire. It was discovered thus:—Mr. Smith being ill all day with fever, felt both restless and thirsty. Asking Mrs. Smith to give him something to allay his thirst, she rose and tried to get a light, but not a match would strike. Moving from that part of the room (as our wise and heavenly Father would have

it) to get a fresh box, she saw a light just over the shop gate, or the place where all the roofs of the buildings meet. Five yards from the spot is the roof of our old chapel; in the same range is that of my little cottage; and it was placed so that it would reach the big house in less than two minutes. At first she thought it was a light, but looking closely she found it was something more. Fearing to frighten Mr. Smith, she gathered courage to ask him to look. The flame was just making its way upwards, and in five minutes would have enveloped all the children in the flame, who were sleeping just a few yards off. My dear wife heard the noise, and awoke me, which was soon followed by the bell, and in a few minutes we got the fire out. Our brother Smith for the moment seemed so strong, that when I got to the spot, I found him tearing the mats and beating down the flame; but, mercifully for us, there was no wind, or no one can imagine what would have been the result. It could not have been set on fire more than three minutes when it was discovered.

"The next day we found on our beach the torch with which the malicious deed was done, fastened to a pole, so as to reach the roof. The person must either have been on the beach, or mixed up in the crowd while the fire was being put out; for we can think of nothing else but that it was done in order to plunder the premises, as we learn that some one tried at the door whilst we were busy with the fire, but the doors were all fastened.

"On Saturday, the 20th, we had a meeting of all the missionaries and traders in the river, the two kings, and a few of the chiefs, to inquire into it. As we could put it on no particular person, after hearing and examining the place, a large reward was voted to any one who could give, at any time, positive evidence of the party or parties that did the wicked deed.

"Truly we can say, 'The Lord encampeth round about them that fear him;' and although we do not feel that we are out of danger, yet, being assured that 'not a hair of your head falleth to the ground without his notice,' we rejoice in the assurance of the Psalmist, that, 'as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about them that fear him.' After the fire was out, we were so struck with the wonderful way in which we were delivered, that in tears we all knelt and rendered our humble thanks, and I believe we prayed.

"Mrs. Smith has been very ill since, and so bad that we had to call for the aid of the doctor on board of a vessel here, but we are happy to say she is getting round again. We do pray that she may be spared to her dear husband.

"We are still happy in our work, and although so much darkness has gathered round us, yet our good God has not left us without tokens of his continued favour. At the new station we are encouraged to hope good things, and the people seem interested in what is being done. They seem to love the young man I have got; he works now as a carpenter, at 2s. 6d. per day; but I am pleased to see him take such interest in the children; and he has a regular service on the Sabbath for the adults. I cross the water every day, and am using all my efforts to get the place done so as to open the school before the end of the year, or just at the commencement of the next."

We are happy to announce the arrival of our honoured brother, the Rev. James Smith, at his old field of labour in Delhi. It will be remembered that he has been for some time in Australia, where he went for the recovery of his health; but his health and strength having been mercifully restored, he has returned to the field where God had so eminently blessed him, and where he hopes now to live and die. In his last letter, Mr. Smith says:—

"I am getting fairly settled down to work again, and begin to feel some hope that the Lord will smile on the scattered churches at Delhi.

"I have commenced my daily service in the Chandni Chouk as before, and find great advantages connected with a daily stated service in the same place. The congregations are not what they once were, but they are improving, and will gradually, I hope, gather up again.

"On Monday morning I went to Delhi Durwaza, where I have replaced Collins, the preacher I left there when I went to Australia. About 30 gathered in the straw verandah of one of our Christians' houses, and it was a time of refreshing to me. We sang the old songs of Zion, in which we had so often joined in times past, and then united in thanksgiving to him who had protected us since we had last met in Delhi. The place appears very hopeful, and I trust soon to see most of our old people restored to the church and its privileges. Two men came to my house who were inquirers before I left, and declared their intention of giving themselves to the Lord and his people.

"I have been this morning to Teluja Wara and Sudder Bazar, where I have engaged a large room for another native reader and his son (Mansukh Ray), and in two or three days I hope to see them fairly at work among the scattered people here, who were (many of them) long hopeful inquirers, and among whom I spent a great deal of labour. I visited many of them, and spoke to little bands of from 6 to 12, in different places. They said they were glad to see me back, and would send their children to learn to read, as well as make an effort to do the same themselves. In these places it is the agent's duty to go among them, and spend half an hour each with families who will receive him, talking with them, reading the Scriptures or tracts, and, where there is a desire, giving lessons in reading. I hope soon to have Delhi studded over with little